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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The French Frontier

The Spanish tragedy is drawing toward its close. Conflicting rumors concerning peace negotiations fill the press of the world. Some of the reports are clearly false; others may indicate the desire of some elements in the Spanish government to end the terrible ordeal. No one can be sure that the Spanish are not in a hopeless position. No one can deny the heroism they have shown, which may keep them fighting even with all hope gone.

At least 10,000 French troops are on the Spanish frontier. They are not there with their field artillery simply to guard the refugees that are pouring across in tens of thousands as Franco completes his conquest of Catalonia. The French troops are also there to defend France against Franco and his Fascist allies. Mussolini's press announced last week what most informed people already knew—in spite of Chamberlain's denials. Italian troops will stay in Spain even after military operations cease. Until, says the Voce d'Italia, they have won a "full political victory."

The leaders of the Spanish Republic have often declared that they will fight to the last man. But it is now known that the Republican artillery—already numerically inferior to that of the Fascists—had practically exhausted its munitions on the ninth day of Franco's offensive, that is, about January 1. Unless the Loyalists get arms and munitions, defense of the central sector they still hold seems hopeless. France has a frontier at Madrid, as well as at Bourg-Madame. But the French government, which prefers appeasing the Fascists to aiding democracy, shows no sign that it will allow the Spanish Republic to buy arms.

Appeasement, Next Phase

Does England mean to go to war to protect France from Italy? Mr. Chamberlain's brave words in the House of Commons February 6 sound so. The Prime Minister observed that "any threat to the vital interests of France, from whatever quarter it comes, must evoke the immediate coöperation of this country." This is the firmest pledge that France has had from Britain in many years. It doesn't mean, however, that Mussolini is not to have his way; it only signifies that he should get it peacefully. England is prepared, perhaps in a four-power conference, to give Italy Jibuti, a share in the Suez Canal and special rights in Tunisia for Italians. Downing Street still insists that Italy will withdraw her troops from Spain, even while Rome says flatly that she won't. Downing Street believes that both Franco and Mussolini can be kept in line with big British loans. What is more likely is that if they get the loans, they will do so by making promises that they won't keep. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement is crashing around his head. If Mussolini doesn't get Tunisia now, he will try again next month or next summer or next year.

Memo for Mr. Dies

The House of Representatives has passed a resolution continuing the life of the Dies Committee, but

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leaving for "future decision" the question of the $150,000 appropriation that was requested. No one can be greatly surprised by its action. Several organizations with political power—including the AF of L—have recommended that the "investigation" continue, and the Gallup poll of public opinion reported 74 percent of the country in favor of the committee. We have no quarrel with the announced purpose of the Dies investigation; our criticism has been based on the demonstrable fact that Mr. Dies so far has shown no inclination to expose un-American activities. He has wasted his time and our money on maintaining a public soapbox for a shabby bill of entertainers. His witnesses have included fools, fascists, liars and jailbirds. While the House Rules Committee hearings on the resolution continuing the Dies Committee were in session, Martin Dies complained that the Department of Justice had been investigating his witnesses. We hope the charge is true.

Perhaps Martin Dies really means to gather testimony about the Fascists and Nazis (of both foreign and native genus) as well as the Communists in the United States. If he does, we can offer several leads. Let him investigate the Associated Farmers (described last week in "Hey, Rube," by Bruce Bliven). Let him investigate the German-American Bund, the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, William Dudley Pelley and his Silver Shirts, Henry Ford, Dr. Winrod and The Defender, the American Nationalist Confederation, The National American Bulletin, the Crusader White Shirts ("The American Fascists"), Lawrence Dennis and the new magazine, The Examiner, the Knights of the White Camellia, the Institute for Aryan Study, the Ku Klux Klan, the Militant Christian Patriots, Henry Allen and the American White Guard, the National Association of Manufacturers, Allen Zoll and American Patriots, Inc. We have a long list; Mr. Dies is welcome to it.

Is the Capital Strike Over?

We have watched with some naïve surprise the comments of our conservative contemporaries on the settlement between the TVA and the Commonwealth and Southern Power Company, by the terms of which a generous price was fixed for the purchase by the government of the Tennessee Electric Power Company properties. Now, it is said, the private utilities, which for years have been investing only about half the normal amount in expansion and new equipment, will go ahead with a large program. If so, this is good news, since utility investment has been in the past one of the three largest channels for the flow of capital which is necessary to diminish unemployment and create prosperity. But what an admission is here! It is, in effect, that the utility magnates have deliberately been engaging in a strike of capital, which they now call off. In the people with cheaper and more abundant electricity, they have consciously been engaging in the most gigantic sitdown strike of history, one that helped mightily to perpetuate the misery of millions. But the Supreme Court decision against them showed that the game of trying to prevent government competition was up. Mr. Willkie therefore accepted the best bargain he could get. Now it is up to the private companies to show that they can meet the needs for expansion of electric service, at a reasonable price, before government beats them to it. But let's not forget, if this happens, that capital *was* on strike in one of our biggest industries, in a literal and deliberate sense.

Ford and Homer Martin

The split in the United Automobile Workers of America is apparently developing to the advantage of the Executive Board. They have the support of the CIO and of the major locals that have taken a position up to now, such as the West Side 174, with 30,000 members; Briggs 212, with 23,000, and so on. They believe that if Homer Martin has the support of ten percent of the membership, that will be a lot. While Martin goes on with plans for his convention March 2, the Executive Board has filed charges against him with the National Labor Relations Board. They state that Martin conspired with officials of the Ford Motor Company to interfere with the administration of the union, concealed his negotiations with Ford from the union members and planned a personal oral agreement with Ford on semi-secret terms.

These charges are based on the evidence of two officers of the UAW Local 600, the Ford local, who were present at some of Martin's conversations with Harry Bennett, Ford's personnel director. They say Bennett promised Martin an agreement if he would withdraw from the CIO, and that he would then help Martin organize the Ford workers. The agreement was not to include a negotiations committee, a grievance committee or shop stewards. Martin was to be the whole works. These are, to any trade-unionist, the most devastating accusations that could be made. Who will believe in a labor leader endorsed by Ford and Harry Bennett?

One More Victim

A week or two ago, the several lists of the number of lynchings in the United States in 1938 were published. But they were all incomplete; not one, so far as we know, included the name of John Lewis Smith.

Smith was a sixteen-year-old Negro in Birmingham, Alabama, whose death had some aspects worth remembering. He was accused of a sex crime against a seven-year-old white girl. There are good reasons, into which we shall not go here, for believing that he was innocent. He was tried in Birmingham behind closed doors.

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one has been given access to the trial records. Several independent sources say, however, that no Negro was permitted on the jury; that it stayed out for three hours—a record long time in a sex case involving a Negro; and that its members then came back to the courtroom with a verdict of ten years in prison. If they had believed Smith to be guilty, they would certainly have recommended his execution. It is reported that the judge rebuked the jury sharply and sent them back to reconsider their verdict. When they returned to the courtroom they gave the prisoner ninety-nine years.

As to what happened then, the evidence is not disputed. Before sentencing the prisoner, Judge J. Russell McElroy left him in the courtroom and stepped out for a few minutes on an unknown errand. He then came back, sentenced the defendant, and had him led out. In the corridor the father of the victim, Hugh E. Colburn, was waiting. Although court officials afterward told everybody, over and over, that Colburn "had been searched three times," he carried an automatic pistol. As if by prearrangement, the guards conducting the prisoner moved away to the sides and Colburn shot the defenseless boy and killed him. Colburn was later arrested for the crime, but a grand jury set him free.

Angry Notes for Anglophobiacs

Sir Stafford Cripps has been dismissed from the British Labor Party under circumstances wholly to his credit. While the party executive takes no effective action against Chamberlain's policy, which is destructive of democracy in Europe and, in the long run, of the Empire itself, Sir Stafford has demanded something different. He wants the Labor Party to shake off its lethargy and unite with every element of opposition to Chamberlainism. Sir Stafford says there are enough groups in England opposed to fascism, and in favor of helping the democratic forces of the world, to command an immediate majority in the House of Commons. But the leadership of the Labor Party is unable to rise to its opportunity. It is verbally critical of Chamberlain, but its spokesmen go about reiterating monotonously that "the only answer is socialism"—which, in the present emergency, is just what Hitler would wish them to say.

The British Broadcasting Company, after a complaint by the British Empire Union, has decided to forbid the use over the air of Clifford Odets' short play, "Waiting for Lefty." The decision says that the broadcast might "be construed by some as an incursion into political controversy," and is therefore prohibited. If, as we suspect, the BBC is trying to say that it will only broadcast what everyone agrees with, then logically it will have to prohibit all political broadcasts, including Mr. Chamberlain's speeches.

In "Lincoln Talks," a just off the press book of anecdotes collected by Emanuel Hertz, we read a Lincoln story that ought to be whispered in Downing Street. "John Bull," so Lincoln said, "met with a North American Indian, and in the course of conversation was very anxious to impress him with the greatness of the British Empire. 'The sun,' said Mr. Bull, 'never sets on English dominion. Do you understand how that is?' 'Oh, yes,' said the Indian, 'that is because God is afraid to trust them in the dark.'"

Of Time and the Opposition

The Communist Party members at Time, Inc., have a new monthly house organ called High Time. It's good. The first issue, an eight-page magazine of about New Republic size, contains a wealth of "inside" information about Time—shoptalk of the sort that fascinates Time's journalistic colleagues, if not the general public. It amounts to much more, however, than just gossip. The leading article, "Goldie," is a profile of Time's former editor of the Foreign Affairs department, Laird S. Goldsborough; it offers a convincing explanation of Time's curious editorial interpretations of what has been happening in Soviet Russia, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy and in France. There are a case-history study of the job-insecurity of Mr. Luce's employees, an editorial on the shamefully collegiate feud Time is trying to start with The New Yorker and several columns of revealing office anecdotes. Walter Winchell reports that Henry Luce has hired private detectives to find out who are the Communist staff members of High Time. Mr. Luce, in one of his famous inter-office memoranda, has denied the charge. He is a firm believer in freedom of speech but this, he feels, is a question of good taste. Time's office affairs are the business of no one but Time's editors, writers and researchers. And of course, he adds, anyone who is caught (by those detectives?) contributing to High Time will be fired. Our detectives tell us that Mr. Luce is going to be very embarrassed when he discovers that those contributors out on the firing line include some people "way up" on his own staff.

The Savings Banks Sell Life Insurance

Anyone in New York who is as smart as we think he is has some good news coming. The extremely cheap and safe Savings Bank Life Insurance that has been so successful in Massachusetts—where more than $150,000,000 of it is now in force after thirty years—is now available to New Yorkers. The New Republic has often pointed out the advantages of this system of insurance, which include guaranteed cash-surrender value for policies after six months, at their full reserve value uncut by any surrender charge. All standard forms of insurance are provided for, and although the amount any one Savings Bank may issue is limited to $1,000, arrangements may be made for larger amounts to be dis-

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News Notes of a Week

The USSR broke off diplomatic relations with Hungary, on the ground that Hungary had lost its diplomatic independence by joining the anti-Comintern pact. . . . More bombings took place in London subway stations, probably caused by North Ireland terrorists, and not, as the British authorities hint, by the Irish Republican Army. . . . President Negrín told the last meeting of the Cortes that the Spanish Republic had been getting some of its few arms from Germany and Italy. But that piece of news hasn't reached the Italian soldiers in Spain. . . . At a party of his friends to celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday, James Joyce exhibited the manuscript of his work in progress, now completed after sixteen years. He's going to call it "Finnegan's Wake."

Attempts were made in New York City to kidnap the fifteen-year-old son of a well-to-do woman because she had been helping the striking service men of the apartment building in which she lived. . . . The Monopoly Investigating Committee began investigating legal-reserve life-insurance companies, the total assets of which are more than one and a half times as much as the total taxable value of New York City. . . . The New York Times did not report hearings being held by the National Labor Relations Board on charges of unfair labor practices on The Times. Wasn't it news, or wasn't it fit to print?

What Is Our Foreign Policy?

THE TURMOIL created by President Roosevelt's conference with members of the Senate's Committee on Military Affairs about the sale of planes to France has larger implications than the questions which have been discussed in that connection. Did the President say that our defense frontier was the Rhine? Did he reveal to the Senators facts about the European situation that he does not desire to make public? It appears to us that the emotions generated by the controversy over these specific points are hotter than the immediate facts warrant, whatever these facts may be. But they are not hotter than is warranted by the larger implications of our foreign policy and the way in which it is determined.

There is no law or policy which forbids the purchase of airplanes or other munitions in this country by foreign powers not engaged in war. There is no news in the fact that Britain and France have been buying planes here—the report was published months ago. We are not extending credit to them for the purpose; the sales are on a cash basis. Intervention by the President is not necessary to effectuate such purchases; rather it would be necessary if they were to be prevented. There still seems to be some doubt as to whether, contrary to military policy, we are letting them buy models embodying our latest devices, but this is a relatively minor matter. Such things cannot be kept secret, and the aura of secrecy that has been thrown about them is pure bunkum. What other private information could the President have imparted to the Senators? That Britain and France fear a superiority of Hitler in the air? There is no secret about that. That there is a danger of war in Europe? The whole world has been discussing it for months. That any desire on the part of Chamberlain or Daladier to stiffen their resistance to totalitarian demands might be increased if they could buy plenty of American planes? Such an observation is bromidic. No new excitement is justified by any of these matters.

What does justify the feeling of uneasiness about the whole incident are its background and its implications for the future. The American people are rightly confused and suspicious about what our foreign policy really is, and where the President and the Department of State are leading us. For this the President has no one to blame except himself and his diplomatic advisers and agents. Here are some of the questions that it seems to us ought to be asked him on the floor of the Senate:

1. Congress passed a Neutrality Act forbidding the export of munitions or the granting of credits to nations at war. You ignored that act in the Sino-Japanese war. You thus armed Japan, an aggressor nation, for her conquest of China. Later you partially expressed your favoritism for China by (a) persuading aircraft manufacturers not to sell airplanes to Japan, (b) granting credits to China. This action is provocative, but far from decisive. Japan still gets from us the sinews of war such as oil and scrap iron. What is your policy in the Far East? Are we preparing to fight Japan, or not? Do we expect really to do something to restrict her aggression before it is too late, or are we going to remain neutral? Your present position is neither fish, flesh nor fowl. It involves a dangerous drift, because it keeps pinpricking the aggressor without really stopping him. In this it is a little like the policy of Britain and France toward Italy in Ethiopia. We adjure you either to follow the policy laid down by Congress or to give us another clear line for debate and democratic decision.

2. You have spoken many times against aggressors and disturbers of the peace, against enemies of democracy. Yet your embargo policy in Spain has served to aid them. In this respect you follow (needlessly) the principles of the Neutrality Act, which you ignore and disapprove in general. You have no credible explanation for this disastrous and incomprehensible line of action. Please let us in on the secret.

3. Your public speeches and the reports of your senatorial conference have created the impression that you favor, in the event of a European war, selling munitions to Britain and France while declining to sell them

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to Italy and Germany. This has aroused expectations of help in the European "democracies" and hostility in the dictatorships. Yet you heatedly deny that you even implied that our frontier is in France or that we shall do anything creating a danger of involvement in war. Where do we stand in this matter?

You know that under the Neutrality Act as it is written, the powers that control the seas (*i.e.*, Britain and France) can keep munitions from reaching their enemies and can buy, with their cash resources in this country, large amounts of supplies. Do you wish to repeal or amend that act? Do you wish to sell them munitions as well, and extend credits? Do you wish to start a controversy with Germany and Italy over "freedom of the seas" if either of these nations should interfere with shipments to Britain or France? Let's have fewer large generalities about the matter and a little more realism.

4. You undoubtedly remember the tragic result of President Wilson's idealistic intervention in Europe, and its causes. He had high motives of his own, and thought he could impose them on the Allies. He overlooked little things like their real intentions, expressed in the secret treaties. You are now talking idealistically about the "democracies." Are you ignoring Chamberlain and his pro-Fascist orientation, his betrayal of Spain and Czecho-Slovakia? Are you preparing to aid him in an ideal war for democracy, when really his intentions are quite different? Should we commit ourselves to Britain and France, preparing to help arm them, before we know what their direction really is, and in spite of the evidence of our eyes? Suppose what happens is that Germany, Italy and Japan fight Russia, with Britain adopting a neutrality benevolent to the Fascist triplice? Or suppose in another year or two France herself turns Fascist? The possible variations and surprises of European events are legion. Hadn't we better be more chary of general commitments and keep our powder dry?

There is need, and has for a long time been need, of a clarification of our foreign policy. People, seeing its inconsistencies and indecisiveness, have justifiably entertained all kinds of suspicions about it. It looks as if it had not been thought out at all, but was the result of momentary improvisation. At times it seems to be influenced more by Chamberlain's foreign office or by the Catholic vote or by the Chinese missionaries than by American democratic interests. Your foreign policy, Mr. Roosevelt, creates division and discouragement among your strongest supporters on domestic policy. You have just witnessed a dramatic example of its confusing character. You believe yourself misunderstood and misrepresented. Do you yourself understand what you are driving at? Are you willing plainly to tell us? Then we shall have a chance to know whether we approve or not.

The Press Lords Retaliate

LAST SPRING the Booksellers' Guild announced that among its objectives was the admirable project of watching the treatment liberal books receive from the press. Heretofore there has been no comeback for a writer who felt that he had been unfairly treated, except the rather ineffective one of personal complaints. It is not surprising that the League of American Writers and the Book and Magazine Guild soon joined with the Booksellers' Guild.

The three organizations now believe they have a good test in the treatment of George Seldes' "Lords of the Press." Obviously, such a book, severely attacking the press, faces more than the usual prejudices against liberal books. But Mr. Seldes is a well known writer, and in his case reviewers have not the excuse that they are ignorant of his work.

An investigation was made by the League of American Writers, which wanted to know if newspapers, after almost two months of silence, still intended to review the book. It sent to Ralph Thompson of The New York Times, James Gray of The New York Sun, Harry Hansen of The New York World-Telegram and Lewis Gannett of The New York Herald Tribune the following query:

> Are you planning to review George Seldes' "Lords of the Press"?
>
> The League has just established a committee to collect information about the reviewing of liberal books, and George Seldes' is the first about which data are sought. . . .

Mr. Hansen's reply appeared in his column, under the heading "Seldes' 'Lords of the Press' Reviewed." But although he wrote four paragraphs about the problem of a reviewer with books attacking the press, about his views on freedom of the press and about once writing a story his editor thought injudicious but put on page 1, the only sentence that might be taken as review said, "Seldes' book is not in any way 'liberal' but radical and iconoclastic. . . ." He did not mention Seldes' charges against Roy Howard or The New York World-Telegram.

Lewis Gannett replied by letter. "I had hoped," he wrote, "to review George Seldes' book in November. . . . I have kept it on my desk and on my 'possible' schedule ever since, and had thought I might pick it up belatedly in the empty post-Christmas week. I had not quite decided; the implied threat in your letter decides me. I shall not."

The reviewers of The Times and The Sun remained as silent as their newspapers.

In New York only two papers have thus far reviewed "Lords of the Press" in their daily editions: The Evening Post and The Daily Worker. The Post's

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about one-third of it was published. The Worker's long, favorable review thought the author too kind to The Post.

Throughout the United States there were few reviews, almost all short, angry and defensive. Of the three methods open to the publishers—fair review, vituperation and silence—most of them chose the latter two. Of the big newspapers criticized, only one, The Boston Transcript, which had just changed ownership and was applauded for that fact, wrote a fair, honest, though critical review.

Stanley Walker in the Sunday New York Herald Tribune accused Seldes of "hysteria, malice, innuendo and invective" and charged him with intellectual dishonesty. The review said nothing about the book's criticism of The New York Daily Mirror during a period when Walker was managing editor: that photographs of a strike riot had been altered to suppress the name of the National Biscuit Company. It also ignored Seldes' complaint that The Herald Tribune has violated the ethics of journalism in its Cuban section (advertising, presented as reading matter) and in employing George Sokolsky (exposed by the La Follette committee as a paid propagandist for the National Association of Manufacturers) and in advocating fascism for America in its Paris edition.

The only other New York review was by Professor Allan Nevins in the Sunday New York Times. He made the usual charge of bias and unfairness, and said Seldes' implications in the chapter on Washington correspondents are "equally alien to common sense and common observation." But this chapter has a footnote saying every sensational word therein comes from Leo C. Rosten's book, "The Washington Correspondents." Rosten made an exhaustive, two-year study under the auspices of the Social Science Research Council. He received the coöperation of the leading Washington correspondents who supplied him with unimpeachable documentary evidence for his doctoral thesis. This book highly praises The Times and has been used by its nationwide advertising campaigns.

The Chicago Tribune remained silent. The Chicago Daily News reviewer defended his newspaper and himself, saying his own reviews go down the chute to the composing room uncensored. The Baltimore Sun dismissed the book in one paragraph, saying "much of this discussion consists of surmises, not findings. . . ."

This dismissal is the most surprising of all because The Sun, despite its Republican *volte-face* of 1936, is still one of America's few large, broad-minded daily papers. What it calls "surmises" are the documentary evidence of more than a hundred newspapermen, quotations from the publishers' own organ, Editor and Publisher, facts from the "free press" department of The Guild Reporter, a few of the hundred cases of distortion, perversion and suppression taken from the [illegible] and The Nation. The most severe "findings" against the press lords that are given are not Seldes' but William Allen White's.

The press lords are fewer than fifty, their newspapers about a hundred and fifty. Outside New York the biggest papers criticized are The Boston Globe, Record, Post, Herald and Traveler, the Cleveland papers, the Detroit papers, The Los Angeles Times, Examiner, the three Pittsburgh papers, The Philadelphia Inquirer, Bulletin, the Portland, Seattle and St. Louis papers. Virtually all of the "big press" has ignored Seldes' book.

The New York Times refused the book's original advertising copy because of the heading, "This Book Is Dynamite," a quotation from a previewer. It changed one of the chapter heads, "Treason on the 'Times'," to "Treason in the Press." The New York Herald Tribune, as we said recently, refused to publish advertisements headed, "Here's some news that's real news—but it may never appear in the news columns of any paper!"

On the other hand about 200 publications, including most of the liberal, labor and progressive weeklies and a few smaller newspapers, published reviews, many long and all favorable; such men as Charles A. Beard and John Dewey, among many others, sent the publisher letters of approval.

The Booksellers' Guild and its coöperating organizations have made plans to fight the "conspirators of silence." It is to their vital interest to do so, because reactionary as the press is, it is still an important means of communication between the writer and the public. The League of American Writers is working on a literary review column for the labor press, which now reaches almost 6,000,000 readers. It is already using the radio, holding open-forum meetings, and many other lines of defense are being explored. The lords of the press aren't invincible.

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Is England Worth Fighting For?

IT MAY BE SUPERFLUOUS for the ordinary citizen to have any opinions on foreign policy at this late date. Mr. Chamberlain says that "the democracies" must inevitably resist an attempt to dominate the world by force; and if you wonder why they must do now what they were afraid to do four months ago, the answer seems fairly simple. The team has a new line-up. In place of the small democracy that was handed over to Hitler last September, another has been taken in—the biggest and richest democracy of all, which could contribute much and would probably ask for nothing. How much all the talk about America's frontier being in France, and so on, really means does not appear at this writing; but Mr. Chamberlain's confidence reflects, if not the actual intention of White House policy, at least the impression that policy has created abroad.

But if it comes to war, Mr. Roosevelt would hardly get us into it without the assurance of considerable support in public opinion; so we had better make up our minds, in case anybody ever asks us, just what there is in the present distribution of power in Europe, or of European possessions overseas, that is worth our fighting for. Another war would probably cost us more than the last one—if not in blood, at least in what is called money, and in social and economic dislocations; yet it can be argued that if the thing happens it would cost us still more to stay out. We ought to try to calculate which would be the more expensive; to try to estimate—for this is what it comes to—what England is worth to us.

England and France—but France will not have much to say about it. Hitler says he will stand by Italy; and France could not resist both axis powers, not even to defend Nice and Alsace, without the certainty of British support. The British had the deciding vote on the fate of Spain and of Czecho-Slovakia and will have it on the fate of France too. And since it is pretty clear that that vote will never be cast for resistance unless there is a direct and immediate threat to British interests, we ought to decide what British interests, if any, are worth our fighting for.

Of course we have one interest in common—the much advertised community of ideals, democracy and civic and spiritual liberties and so on; a faith that many people feel is worth fighting for. The Czechs shared that faith too, and last September Mr. Neville Chamberlain decided it was not worth fighting for. If the English fight and if we fight for them, the war will be in defense of English interests and not of any common ideals; Mr. Chamberlain has ruled that argument out.

Yet people who think he was wrong in September may wonder what good it would do for us to conceal his of their being attacked. There

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worse off for the surrender of Czecho-Slovakia to totalitarianism; it would be worse off still if England and France were surrendered to totalitarianism, whether after defeat or without a fight. England especially, for I believe that the English are the most civilized of all the larger nations; that is to say, that England probably contains the highest proportion of individuals who have the good will and decency and disinterested intelligence which we consider the marks of civilized men. Those people, that spirit, are worth saving at considerable cost; but unfortunately they have little influence on present British policy, and the one thing that American aid to England would be most likely to save is the prestige of the Chamberlain government. It makes me sick at the stomach to think of what my English friends may presently have to undergo; but it makes me sick at the stomach to think of what my Czech friends are undergoing now, thanks to a British ministry that might be more firmly settled in control of England if we helped England win a war.

But this emotional revulsion against what the British government did last September (and earlier, with the Runciman mission) has perhaps no place in political calculation; nor has resentment of the bland faith of the average conservative Englishman that America is only the largest of the Dominions, under a moral obligation to come to the help of the mother country in time of need. In a world of force we ought to look out for our own interests, even if it means doing for the British Conservatives what they would not do for the Czechs. Even the dullest Englishman begins to realize that the selling-out of Czecho-Slovakia was a serious blow to British interests. In the next crisis England will stand in much the same relation to America as Czecho-Slovakia stood to England in the last crisis. To damage our own interests, as Mr. Chamberlain damaged his, just because we dislike to help him out would be sentimental folly.

Now it is clearly to our interest to have England and France between us and Hitler, occupying his attention; if they are no longer first-rate powers, their armaments give them a nuisance value like that of a "fleet in being." Generally speaking, it is also to our interest that the British and French empires should remain in their present hands rather than pass to the control of more aggressive powers. But some parts of those empires are worth more to us than others.

Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the British and French West Indies, we should of course have to defend for our own sake; but there is no serious danger

diversion and annoyance; if the British West Indies were transferred from the Crown of the United Kingdom to the Crown of Canada that danger might be averted and we might escape complications; but a government whose interest would be served by our getting into complications will hardly make the transfer.

Emotionally, no doubt, most of us would like to defend Australia and New Zealand, though it would be quite a job; but no American wants to fight for Kenya and India, or for Algeria and Madagascar. However, a European war would not be decided in those suburbs of empire, even if Germany and Italy had the means of attacking them; it will be decided on the home grounds, between the Rhine and the Irish Sea, and the fate of the colonies will depend on that decision. The whole thing is in one piece; if we decide that anything in England is worth fighting for we shall be fighting to save ministry, empire and all.

That prospect is not appetizing; neither is the alternative. To be sure, if we stayed out and England and France were beaten, they could probably do enough damage to Germany and Italy before they went under to leave those powers too weak to trouble us for a long time. If this seems a callously selfish calculation, it is a calculation borrowed from Mr. Chamberlain; his policy seems partly based on the hope that Germany and Russia may fight each other to a standstill, and we might as reasonably hope the same for Germany and England. But England and France are not likely to go down fighting in a hopeless cause just for the sake of their principles; they will not fight unless they think they can win. They did not think they could win in September, when their situation was far more favorable than it is now; they may not think they could win this time if we stayed out.

In that case resistance would be less inevitable; the next crisis, like the last one, might be decided by the threat of German bombers over London. For it does not appear that British air defenses, active and passive, have improved enough since September to outrun the output of the German aircraft industry; however strong the German air force may or may not have been then, it is stronger now; without assurance of help from overseas the British might conclude, as the Czechs concluded when their allies abandoned them, that surrender was a lesser evil than being blown off the map. That is the strongest argument for our helping England; the possibility that if we do not, the British navy will line up on the same side as Hitler—and the Japanese navy.

It has been argued that such a surrender would mean a greater sacrifice, in property and in prestige, than English spirit could endure. Well, the material loss would probably be less costly than the destruction of London; Hitler could afford to let the British off lightly if he had their navy at his disposal. As for prestige, [illegible] doubt, in the form of an alliance that would save British sensibilities. The army that Napoleon led to Moscow was half German; Prussians and Austrians who had been in arms against him a few years before may not have gone on the Russian campaign with much enthusiasm, but they went along because they had no choice. And if the British felt that we had let them down, if they surrendered because we would not help them, even enthusiasm might not be lacking when they turned on us. The Czechs, doing things they hate under German orders, seem to get an embittered satisfaction out of the reflection that at least they are annoying England and France, who let them down; dispatches from Catalonia tell us that Spaniards who are still fighting Franco would gladly follow Franco against England and France, who let them down; the British and French, in the same situation, would feel the same way.

Unreasonable? Yes, but this is a question of emotion, not of justification. Remember how they felt about us in 1916, even in 1917; we may feel they have no right to expect us always to help them out, but they do expect it, and it would be foolish for us to neglect the emotions that are based on that expectation. I do not suppose any French or British diplomat has ever put this so baldly; there is no need to, it must be evident enough in Washington. And perhaps that explains some recent gestures of our foreign policy, otherwise hard to interpret; though not even that accounts for the Washington habit of making faces at Hitler, which only focuses German hostility on us, and thus puts the British in a better position for bargaining.

It might seem that if we must be either allies or enemies of the British navy we had better be allies. Yet we know what war would cost; there seems to be a healthy reaction against the May bill and similar projects for a wartime dictatorship, but the cost would be heavy enough even if we managed to retain our liberties. And what would we get out of it? Only another Twenty Years' Truce? After our previous experience there seems no better prospect of getting a satisfactory peace —certainly not if the Chamberlain government has anything to do with it—even if there were any man on earth intelligent enough to draw up a peace treaty that would be measurably satisfactory to the bickering nationalities of Europe.

If we save the decent civilized England that many of us love (and don't forget there are still decent and civilized Germans too), we save and strengthen the ruling oligarchy, which would sell us out at the next peace conference, if it saw any advantage in doing so, as readily as it sold out the Czechs at the Peace-till-February Conference of Munich. Wilson, lamenting the Allies' demands in 1917, said to Colonel House, "When the war is over we can force them to our way of thinking, because by that time they will be financially in our hands." A President could be excused, in that more [illegible] for not foreseeing that they would simply

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borrow all the money they needed and then refuse to pay it back; in 1939, a President can be under no such illusion.

We lose either way, whether we support England or not; the only question is which way we lose more heavily—and the ordinary citizen, the more he thinks about it, is apt to thank God that he does not have to decide. Before Munich I thought it would be less costly to stay out; but if the British buy themselves off by putting their fleet at Hitler's disposal, God only knows. It would be a different story, we might join in the resistance with some feeling that it would be worth its cost, if anybody but the Chamberlain-Hoare-Simon crowd were running England. But if anybody else had been running England in the past few years Japan would not be halfway across China, and fifteen million Czecho-Slovaks, twenty-odd million Spaniards, could still be counted against the Fascist powers instead of for them. No wonder Hitler has indicated his satisfaction with the present British government. ELMER DAVIS

Three New Poems by W. B. Yeats

John Kinsella's Lament for Mrs. Mary Moore

I

A bloody and a sudden end,
Gunshot or a noose,
For death who takes what man would keep,
Leaves what man would lose.
He might have had my sister
My cousins by the score
But nothing satisfied the fool
But my dear Mary Moore,
None other knows what pleasures man
At table or in bed.
What shall I do for pretty girls
Now my old bawd is dead?

II

Though stiff to strike a bargain
Like an old Jew man
Her bargain struck we laughed and talked
And emptied many a can;
And O! but she had stories
Though not for the priest's ear,
To keep the soul of man alive
Banish age and care,
And being old she put a Skin
On everything she said,
What shall I do for pretty girls
Now my old bawd is dead?

III

The priests have got a book that says
But for Adam's sin
Eden's Garden would be there
And I there within.
No expectation fails there
No pleasing habit ends
No man grows old, no girl grows cold,
But friends walk by friends.
Who quarrels over half-pennies
That plucks the trees for bread?
What shall I do for pretty girls

A Nativity

What woman hugs her infant there?
Another star has shot an ear.

What made the drapery glisten so?
Not a man but Delacroix.

What made the ceiling waterproof?
Landor's tarpaulin on the roof.

What brushes fly and moth aside?
Irving and his plume of pride.

What hurries out the knave and dolt?
Talma and his thunderbolt.

Why is the woman terror-struck?
Can there be mercy in that look?

The Apparitions

Because there is safety in derision
I talked about an apparition,
I took no trouble to convince,
Or seem distrustful of that popular eye
Whether it be bold or sly.
Fifteen apparitions have I seen;
The worst a coat upon a coat-hanger.

I have found nothing half so good
As my long planned half solitude,
Where I can sit up half the night
With some friend who has the wit
Not to allow his looks to tell
When I am unintelligible.
Fifteen apparitions have I seen;
The worst a coat upon a coat-hanger.

When a man grows old his joy
Grows more deep day after day,
His empty heart is full at length
But he has need of all that strength
Because of the increasing Night
That opens her mystery and fright.
Fifteen apparitions have I seen:

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The Blackshirts in Tunisia

WHY ARE THE FRENCH compelled to defend Tunisia against the appetites of Italian fascism? Its riches are not the stake for which these powers contend. The country as a whole is arid. Its southern region is a desert, and its peasantry rejoices if one harvest in five is abundant. Wheat and the vine will flourish in the north and the olive is everywhere at home, but even these demand costly efforts of irrigation. There are, to be sure, valuable deposits of phosphates. But the general impression, when the traveler leaves the coast for the interior, is one of poverty. The animals, even after generous rains, are visibly half-starved. The natives shiver in rags, when the wind is chilly, round their miserable hovels. In the holy city of Kairouan, amid the mosques that recalled a once splendid past, a third of the population depended on the French authorities for relief of one kind or another. It is probable that if the government were to adopt a more enterprising program of irrigation, it could extend the area under cultivation and do much to cure this obtrusive poverty. But the soil has suffered from centuries of erosion, and only a lavish expenditure of capital could restore the prosperity of the distant past. On that condition room might be found for some scores of thousands of Italian settlers. But the attraction of Tunisia for Fascist imperialism is not primarily economic.

The driving idea of Mussolini's policy of expansion is manifestly strategic. Tunisia has in Bizerta the finest naval harbor of the African coast. If these shores, with their several ports of the second rank, were under the Roman flag, the Mediterranean would become indisputably an Italian sea. If the power that governs Sicily held Bizerta also, it could close these sea-roads to the fleets and commerce of every other power. One need not dispute the genuine anxiety of the Fascist state to find outlets for its surplus population; nor under a system of autarchy is a province to be despised that can export wheat. None the less, when one strives to unravel Fascist policy, the stress is always on power. From that standpoint the importance of Tunisia is no illusion. The master of its coasts would command the main highway of the Old World.

The Italian colony of Tunisia serves as the vanguard of this forward march. Nothing was further from its original purposes than conquest. Eighty in every hundred of these Italian settlers are manual workers whose sole ambition is to earn their bread. The most prosperous of them are peasants, who have cultivated their vineyards for nearly a century in the relatively fertile country round Cape Bon. The rest are fishermen, ma- which stands at 108,000. This latter figure includes, however, some Algerians and about 30,000 Italians who have acquired French nationality. The number of these deserters is likely to grow, since there is a big and influential Jewish element in the Italian colony.

The sharpening of this instrument of penetration began after M. Laval concluded with Il Duce the treaty that was canceled the other day. It prolonged for another thirty years the period during which the Italians of Tunisia may retain their Roman citizenship, and with it their peculiar status. The staff of the Italian consular service was reinforced. The children in the subsidized royal schools rose from three to nearly fifteen thousand. Uniforms were served out to them; motor cars collected them from the remoter villages; canteens were established for their use and they were drilled in the Fascist Balilla. The political police, known as OVRA, soon made its presence felt. The Italian workers were withdrawn from the French syndicates (labor unions) and organized by Dopolavoro. The handsome buildings of the Consulate at Tunis are daily thronged by indigent and unemployed Italian workers, who in this city alone receive relief from its funds to the numbers of 9,000. A militant daily paper, the Unione, carries on a violent polemic against the French administration, and until the other day processions of Blackshirts were tolerated.

How far these Italian settlers are won for fascism it is impossible to guess. In chance contacts I met with critical individuals. There is, moreover, a gallant little group of Italian democrats which struggles against this regimentation and for friendship with the French. But the pressure is for the vast majority irresistible. Partly by coercion, partly by lavish benefits, partly by pervasive propaganda, this Italian colony has been forged into a tool of penetration that will serve the Duce's purposes.

This situation is difficult, because it is complicated both by large ambitions and by bitter memories. The Italian colony is the older and was for long the more numerous of the two. Rome aspired to the protectorate which Gambetta actually snatched. In retrospect the present rulers of Italy resent the weakness of their fathers, who surrendered after Adowa some of the privileges that Italians originally enjoyed under the old system of extra-territorial "capitulations." To this, with the right to be judged by Italian law in consular courts, their extremists would now return. The grievances of which they complain are incidental to the status of foreigners to which they cling. It is true that they are ineligible for any public posts, however modest. It is

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neighbors have, on the Grand Council that serves as a sort of legislature.

From this inferior status they can of course escape, as many have done, by accepting French nationality. But that easy solution is the last that fascism is disposed to favor. One cannot blame the French, who watch the drilling of these closed formations, hostile, unassimilable and foreign in their political thinking, if they shrink from conceding to this army of penetration either official posts or legislative influence. Nationalism carried to this extreme, when it is backed by military threats, banishes every disposition to compromise. In Tunisia it is in fact the French parties of the Left who oppose most stoutly any thought of concession. If anyone inclines to a settlement by compromise it is Big Business and the parties of the extreme Right. They welcome the wedge that fascism has driven into the solidarity of the organized workers.

Tunisia, since M. Daladier's visit, has rallied for the defense of the French empire in Africa, of which it is the frontier province. The task would be easier if the relations of the French authorities and the wealthier colonists with the Arab population were happier. There is, it is true, no social or racial barrier. The French mix socially with the Arabs on a footing of good manners and at least superficial equality, as Anglo-Saxons never would. The Tunisians are a backward, tranquil, placid people, to whom obedience comes easily. But they too have their national consciousness, which has already organized them for the milder forms of revolt. This movement, which takes for its name the Arab word *destour*, meaning constitution, describes itself as liberal. Its program asks in rather vague terms for democratic representation, for equality between the Arabic and French languages, for universal and compulsory education, for a system of taxation less onerous for the masses, for the separation of the judicial and administrative powers of the officials and for sundry measures of social reform based on French models. This movement is led by the younger Arab intellectuals, many of them teachers, and its strength lies chiefly in the smaller middle class and among the peasants. It claimed 88,000 paying members, a large number in an impoverished and largely illiterate Arab population of two and a quarter millions. The native landowning aristocracy stands aloof, since it has suited French policy to wink at its corruption and exploitation, and it is loyal without qualification. With this exception, the Destourian movement speaks for the mass of the Arab population.

The social picture behind this program is unattractive. Under the ambiguous protectorate system the French govern rather too little than too much. The caids and sheiks of the old ruling class, who manage the natives, are administrators, judges and tax-gatherers at once. The Grand Council has two chambers and [illegible] may be overruled. In the French chamber the special representation of chambers of commerce and mines assures a conservative majority. The same result is attained in the Arab chamber by nomination from above. The budget reflects the power of the propertied interests. The revenue is drawn mainly from indirect taxes on articles of daily use: there is no income tax, and the personal tax which replaces it ceases to be graduated above an income level of $3,000. The state has in consequence no adequate revenues for development or for social services. One cannot blame the enlightened French officials if little is done for the irrigation of the lands held by the natives. Nor is the director of education at fault, though there are only 45,000 native children at school, against 400,000 for whom there is no provision. The traditional system of land tenure sanctions abuses which the French have left, after half a century, untouched. The native sharecropper, if he can supply neither seed nor a beast for the plow, receives as the reward of his labor only a fifth of the crop. This may suffice in a good year to feed him, but such harvests fall only once in every four or five seasons. In other years the laborer can live only as the owner's debtor, and while his debt remains, Tunisian law binds him to serve his master. This somber picture would be incomplete without a word of recognition for the good work of the French as engineers and road-builders. Of the French teachers the Arabs spoke with unstinted enthusiasm.

In such a society the formation of a national opposition is salutary and inevitable. Whether the tactics of the Destourians were wise is a question on which I need pronounce no judgment. An attempt at a general strike failed in the autumn of 1937. There were riots in Tunis in April, 1938, during which some young hotheads used revolvers and provoked firing with heavy casualties. Thereafter the movement, with its newspapers, was suppressed and its leaders flung into prison. There the national hero, Bourghiba, still lies with several of his lieutenants, as yet untried. The organization lives, none the less, active and unbroken, below the surface.

This movement, with a little generosity and some readiness to hasten inevitable reforms, could still be conciliated. These Arabs have their grievances against the French colonists, but towards France they are still loyal and even friendly. Certainly no Arab would run the risk of exchanging French for Italian rule. Refugees of their own race from Libya have given it an ill name. But the French presume too much on the passivity of this unwarlike population. This movement is as yet in its infancy; it will not grow milder. With fascism, it may be, there can be and ought to be no compromise. But these Arab nationalists have asked in the main for reforms from which Tunisia has everything to gain. This province cannot be held by concrete forts alone. Its best defense would be a hopeful population.

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Parrington's "Main Currents"

The Fourth Article in the Series, "Books That Changed Our Minds"

RARELY are works of literary history so widely praised as Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." The fact that he had written not merely history, but politics, economics and philosophy as well, makes this critical unanimity all the more remarkable; and the fact that the point of view throughout the work was radical makes it astonishing.

The applause was not limited by regional considerations. Since Parrington was a professor at the University of Washington, we would expect the Western papers to be flattering. But so were The New York World, Post and Times, The Nashville Tennesseean and The Dallas News. Nor was there a division of opinion, as there so often was in the 1920's, between journalistic and academic critics. Among the latter we would expect Dr. Henry S. Canby, then at Yale, to be cordial. But so were Professors Jay B. Hubbell, then at Southern Methodist and now at Duke University, Samuel C. Chew of Bryn Mawr and Fred Lewis Pattee of Pennsylvania State College. Professor Pattee, author of standard textbooks which, in some respects, were indirectly contradicted by Parrington's work, said of the latter: "It is by far the best history of American literature that has yet appeared."

Even his philosophical (or political) opponents were friendly. Professor Norman Foerster, the "Neo-Humanist," writing in The Saturday Review of Literature, took pains to announce himself antagonistic to liberalism and commented gloomily on the gloomy morality of mechanism, but admitted graciously that history written from a liberal viewpoint was better than history written from no viewpoint at all; and, on the whole, he thought well of Parrington's accomplishment. Of course the radical critics were favorable.

Institutional recognition followed: in 1928 it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History—and this was the first time a work on literature had so been honored.

The least enthusiastic of the reviewers were the two who wrote, strangely enough, for The New Republic—which proves only that unexpected things sometimes happen in liberal magazines. The first was Percy H. Boynton of the University of Chicago, who said many kind things about the two volumes which had just been published (spring, 1927), but described their virtues with considerable restraint. No one could object to his fault-finding, for the faults were there, but one missed in his review any feeling that he was face to face with a great work or at least a work of great significance. The second critic was Professor Morris R. Cohen of City College, who wrote on the series as a whole when the cause of Parrington's death, in January, 1931. Professor Cohen, who started his collegiate career as a mathematician and whose secondary vocation is lecturing on the theory of law, took Parrington to task for failing to mention the contributions to American thought of our leading scientists and legal theorists. This could be shrugged aside with a reference to Parrington's subtitle, "An Interpretation of American Literature from the Beginnings to 1920," and to the opening sentence of his Introduction to the first volume: "I have undertaken to give some account of the genesis and development in American *letters* of certain germinal ideas that have come to be reckoned traditionally American. . . ." Surely it was sufficiently generous of Parrington to have expanded the meaning of "letters" to include journalistic, political, theological and philosophical writings; to satisfy Professor Cohen he would have had to violate his declared purpose to a degree that would have nullified it. Professor Cohen's other criticism was that Parrington had neglected the more intangible esthetic values (some call it "the soul") in the belles lettres he had discussed. It so happens that the curse of American literary history had been the traditional passion for awarding artistic merits and demerits, as a result of which we had been getting a stream of dull, unenlightening and often imitative books. Mr. Cohen was scolding the one work in the field that, having broken with that tradition, had succeeded in being intensely provocative and illuminating.

The nay-sayers formed an infinitesimal minority, however, and even they were indisposed to speak solely of deficiencies. Professor Cohen, for example, used about a quarter of the space at his disposal for an appreciation of Parrington's style, vitality and "insight." . . . Why was this frankly unorthodox work so well received in so many quarters? Why did it make so deep an impression upon critics and literary historians?

Historiography in this country had been undergoing a pretty thorough transformation ever since the beginning of the century. The study of economic and social forces as determining factors in the politics (and therefore the ideology) of any given period, had gradually increased until it was now almost respectable as a method of analysis. By the 1920's, at any rate, the older and more reactionary historians—of whom there are still too many—were slowly retreating before the "vulgarians" who were not satisfied with an "inspiring" narration of events and refused to treat the affairs of

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ely from immortal mind. Moreover, orians were usually progressive, in the y were not blindly patriotic and were he struggles of the small business man, ., in some cases, the worker. The new history expressed, in brief, the rise of middle-class liberalism. Its fruits were such writers as James Harvey Robinson and Charles A. Beard.

It is fair to assume that their method was influenced, however remotely, by Marxism, although Dr. Beard quite shrewdly gave credit to James Madison. Certainly the whole movement was tied up with the advance of materialism as a consequence of a prospering scientific and industrial era. History, too, would become scientific—by being founded on measurable things: the observed environment as a conditioner of men's actions, and the concrete and practical interests which actually motivated them.

This academic revolution had barely touched the writing of literary history before Parrington. The work of Moses Coit Tylor, C. F. Richardson and Barrett Wendell had gathered moss, but their approach, "modernized" and corrected, was still being followed. Our numerous professors of American Literature had doubtless read Taine but they were apparently unimpressed when it came to using a comparable procedure in the study of their own specialty. They had, of course, never read the dialectical materialists. Several praiseworthy short histories had appeared since Wendell's time—Trent's, Cairns's, Boynton's—but their worth rested upon their scholarship and *esthetic* liberalism rather than on any fundamental difference from the older works in either method or political philosophy.

The time was overripe for Parrington's arrival. The progressive spirit had made itself felt in the books and essays of such teachers as Carl Van Doren, Robert Morss Lovett, William Ellery Leonard and T. K. Whipple, not to speak of the periodical and newspaper critics who commanded most of the non-academic public. The war and post-war generations were decidedly responsive to the attitude which those writers expressed. They were decidedly unresponsive to the tory attitude which had prevailed in our literary histories—that attitude which Dr. Canby so politely labeled "Federalist" in his salute to Parrington as a refreshing and valuable novelty. A change from the "Federalist"—in other words, Brahmin and right-wing Republican—bias was indeed due and welcome.

At the same time the materialist approach, in the form of economic determinism, was attracting notice as a way out of what Parrington called the "arid desert" of romantic philosophy on the one hand and the sterility of pure esthetics on the other. For one thing, historians like Beard, Turner, Adams and Schlesinger, by investigating economic and social problems, were revising previous notions of America's past, and their revisions made the old-fashioned textbook conception of our literary past look a little silly. Furthermore, increasing interest in American literature had stimulated research in the sources: monographs on the circumstances in which the classic Americans had done their writing, doctoral theses on cultural as well as esthetic borrowings, were appearing in the journals and upsetting familiar prejudices. Van Wyck Brooks's studies, grounded on a genuine appreciation of social movements, were disturbing academic complacency. The insistence of the radical critics, the people around The Masses and The Liberator, that literature is a social product and that its history cannot otherwise be understood was also having some effect.

Dissatisfaction with the inherited way of interpreting our literature was accordingly widespread. Some of it was aimless, some of it aimed up blind alleys, but a lot of it was potentially fruitful. It was all formally recorded in a volume called "Reinterpretation of American Literature," which appeared in 1928 but expressed what had evidently been simmering in the colleges ever since the War.

Parrington's "Main Currents" was not the complete answer but it went a long way toward supplying the most needed things: an account of our literary history which squared with recent works on the history of our people and a realistic technique for analyzing the relationship of a writer to his time and place—in addition to a militantly progressive spirit. Professorial and literary circles had consciously been waiting for such a work, and if the one that did come forth was somewhat more radical than some people cared for, it simply couldn't be rejected. The author was a professor too; his scholarship was sound; and his ideas were expressed in terms that were native American, most of them having come over shortly after the "Mayflower."

I have emphasized Parrington's radicalism because it is probably the most significant aspect of his "Main Currents." A kind of environmental or sociological interpretation of literary movements had already been gaining favor. He sharpened it, gave it point, by making it definitely economic, because of his desire to reveal the motivating interests and real direction of specific works of literature. Thus his method was part of his general intention. It is inconceivable that he would have investigated with such firmness the social ties of individual writers or been so eager to expose the sectional and class issues underlying the ideological tendency which each writer represented, if his sympathies had not been lower-class. Nowadays "class-angling" is not a sport of kings.

Radical—not just liberal or progressive—is the word. He had none of that amiable tolerance which comes of cynicism, nor was he the kind of optimist whose buoyancy is based upon an Olympian idealism. He was partisan from the start—passionately so. He was optimistic because he believed after serious

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study, that when the illusions of the frontier were completely dispelled and wage slavery grew openly aggressive, the people would take matters into their own hands and enforce their due rights. The third volume, with its chapters on Whitman, Henry George, Wendell Phillips and Bellamy—all of whom he embraced, yet softly, unobtrusively impugned as lacking in political acumen with regard to an industrialized, corruptly governed state—is proof enough. In the earlier volumes, dealing with figures whose words barely touch upon modern problems, his sentiments were not quite so apparent, although surely they inspired his tributes to Roger Williams, Sam Adams, Paine, Theodore Parker and others, and his pieces on the tories for whom his scorn shone through his poised and judicious treatment of them.

His radicalism wasn't altogether obvious. He was certainly not so foolish as to flaunt it: he expressed his point of view as being "liberal rather than conservative, Jeffersonian rather than Federalistic"—a formulation which is not merely traditional to this country, but which has a strong appeal to large numbers of its citizens. His method he would likewise describe with classical references; in commending Beard's "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" he remarked: "Underlying this significant work was a philosophy of politics that set it sharply apart from preceding studies —a philosophy that unsympathetic readers were quick to attribute to Karl Marx, but that in reality derived from sources far earlier and for Americans at least far more respectable. . . . It goes back to Aristotle, it underlies the thinking of Harrington and Locke and the seventeenth-century English school, it shaped the conclusions of Madison and Hamilton and John Adams, it ran through all the discussions of the Constitutional Convention, and it reappeared in the arguments of Webster and Calhoun." Professor Eby, who edited the final volume, said that Parrington was inspired first by Taine and then by J. Allen Smith, "who applied to the abstract theorizings of political science the economic realities. . . . Parrington was quick to realize the fruitfulness of economic determinism when applied even to literature."

We cannot know whether Parrington made these "respectable" attributions because he realized that that was the only way to win a fair hearing or because, being himself wholly American in temperament and thought, they were natural to him, came to him more easily than such names as Marx and Engels. Probably both reasons operated. Nevertheless, I can state dogmatically that he had some acquaintance with Marxism, had been influenced by it, and knew that his method was related to it. I have seen a letter by him in which he said as much. Is that influence not written into the book itself? He didn't speak merely of "environments" or vaguely of "economic groupings"; he didn't describe a given epoch as a whole, possessing character all who lived in it; he spoke clearly class struggles. Essentially agrarian in look, he was yet aware of the proble proletariat and, we suspect, convinced ness of rural individualism and the need for socialism. This has been overlooked by those metropolitan intellectuals who were charmed by his agrarian leanings. The evidence is strewn throughout the completed parts of the third volume and is confirmed by Professor Eby's statement that Parrington had planned a vindication of Daniel DeLeon, Debs and Victor Berger.

It would be wrong to infer, however, that he was an outright socialist or a true Marxist. So far as his personal attachments were concerned, he was too much the Western libertarian to stand exclusively for collectivism. He would not repudiate the philosophical "main currents" that formed his own mind. As for the differences between his method and Marx's, some of the major shortcomings of his work arose from that earlier and so-called "American" species of materialism—shortcomings which were caused by the inadequacies of economic determinism and would not have been caused by a sound Marxist approach. For example, his brief chapter on Longfellow was an excellent characterization of the man and his writings but made no real attempt to explain the social origins of the culture from which he came and none whatever to show us the ultimate effect of his sentimentality. We must suppose that Parrington failed here simply because economic determinism is too crude and vulgar an instrument for such purposes. Another example was his lamentable chapter on Poe, where he just threw up his hands and said that Poe was "quite outside the main current of American thought" and had therefore best be left alone. In other words, economic determinism couldn't contribute anything toward an understanding of Poe. But a more subtle materialism—one in which cultural and psychological phenomena are integrated with the social—might have contributed something.

But there were compensations. If Parrington had been a socialist of unmistakable redness and had adopted an "alien" materialism, he would probably never have won so wide an audience or had so profound an influence. The time was ripe for him but not for a genuine Marxist. His willingness to shelve his method when confronted by esthetic problems was pleasing to literary scholars who had learned only yesterday of its applications to political controversy. That early American method enabled him to insinuate his ideas into quarters ordinarily closed to radical ideas. The thought itself was early American—in language. He spoke always of democracy, one of the noblest words we know, but one subject to various definitions. Parrington referred to economic democracy, which hasn't got an explosive sound. His devotion to that kind of

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democracy, which takes all other kinds for granted, and his persistence in evaluating writers in the light of it, got across. And that was his great achievement.

It was important for a weightier reason than the fact that it ended the monopoly on academic literary history previously enjoyed by conservatism, which is inherently anti-democratic. It restored the original poets, prophets and preachers whose real characters had been hidden or suppressed by the genteel school. It showed us their true faces—their antagonism to the robber barons, their love of freedom, their faith in the social decencies. Only an impassioned democrat would have brought to light those neglected features or men like Bryant and Howells or have refurbished our rusty pride in rebels like Tom Paine and Sam Adams. The job was so well done, so undeniably valid, that no one has since tried to undo it. Parrington's portraits of America's libertarians and revolutionaries are permanent, no matter how much his estimates of their minds may be corrected by the future.

He was thus in the contemporary line of critics who have been reinterpreting our heritage while searching for a "usable past." Indeed, he was the product of that self-conscious activity, the critic who did find the usable past. Since his time American radicals have followed his lead and have begun to adjust themselves to the native democratic tradition which he brought back to us and unashamedly glorified. Direct and immediate was his effect upon the writings of literary history: several recent textbooks are noticeably different from any produced ten or twenty years ago, whether because he gave the professors heart or because he taught them. It is safe to say that thanks to him a consciousness of social forces and a liberal political spirit are present in these recent volumes and to predict that they will be present in a great many more in the future.

Those are the things for which we must honor Parrington. They reduce to trivia his esthetic errors of judgment, which, by the way, are known to everyone. Who will be harmed by his fantastic overpraise of Cabell? Who will not be benefited by his insight into the nature of the American mind? BERNARD SMITH

"America, We Love You"—in Small Doses

I HAVE JUST READ, in the "Americana" or Patriotism-still-rampant-amidst-the-foundation-garments issue of Vogue, why four Americans love their country. The four Americans are Messrs. Hemingway, Edman, MacLeish and Sheean, and they are billed as "a novelist, a philosopher, a poet and a journalist"—a nice spread among the artisans of the intellect. Each was asked to tell about "some spot in America dear to him." And to a simple-minded citizen like myself, what the boys have to say makes an illuminating document—almost too illuminating.

Hemingway goes way out West into the Rockies and talks, inevitably, about fishing and shooting. (There are, so far as I know, no bullfights in Wyoming, but some cows do come into his picture at the end.) That is all very fine and very Hemingway and I've had two trout on the line at the same time too. But Ernest seems to forget his subject when he starts out after mountain sheep. To find them, three miles away, he uses, the old traitor, a "pair of good Zeiss glasses." *Where* are Zeiss glasses made, Johnny? And the most fun, it seems, out in old Wyoming, is coming home in the evening and settling down before the fire with a slug of whiskey. Scotch, I daresay.

Edman, something of a professional recluse, perches himself on a hillside in Vermont and thanks God as the leaves turn red and the vulgar tourists don't stop on their way through. He finds there something that he couldn't find in the Rockies or in Devonshire or in the Adirondacks or in neighboring New Hampshire. Republicans, perhaps. But no, it turns out to be a plumber who catches trout, a swimming [illegible]

MacLeish gets even farther Away, which is doubtless the prerogative of a poet. Somewhere down in the Gulf of Mexico there are a couple of uninhabited (except for a few corpses) islands, known as the Dry Tortugas. Dry Turtles to you Spaniards, which doesn't make them any more appetizing. MacLeish broods about them for hours; has for years; never could figure out why. But he lilts his way through a lot of reasons which are not why, so that he sounds a little like Agatha Christie leading up to the guilty party. And the why—you'd never guess it—is because of some jumping fish (these literate Americans do love their fish) which glitter for a split-second in the sunlight. Incidentally, Archie never saw them. He just heard about them. America the beautiful.

Sheean proves that journalists are even more sentimental than novelists, philosophers or poets, by going back to the dear dead days of Chautauqua in a park (which probably no longer exists) filled with the booming of William Jennings Bryan (who, I can assure Mr. Sheean, no longer exists). Those, laddy-bucks, were the days. Rosemary and rue and the unmentioned Spanish-American War, which Vincent did *not* cover. He doesn't mention fish either, for which I am grateful.

And it all adds up to America, does it? Escape into the woods, escape on a hillside, escape to an island, escape into the past. What a group testimonial! Berlin

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Shoot the Works

One of Those Open Letters

DEAR MANAGING EDITOR: Possibly you have forgotten, but just before I left New York I stopped into your office to say goodbye. You were pretty busy correcting an article by some pedagogue or philosopher and did not even pause to ask me whether I would have a drink of that good old New Republic whiskey which seems to be in every assistant editor's knapsack.

In fact you were brusque when I attempted to draw you into conversation. I grew a little nostalgic in mentioning the fact that I had worked for the magazine for more than a year and never missed a deadline although a few little masterpieces did make the wire only through a camera finish. On account of your coolness, I suggested that it might be a good idea for me to take a two weeks' vacation, or rather leave of absence, since nobody mentioned money.

You said it would be a good idea. I was perplexed as to whether you thought this would be good for you or for me or the readers, or all three combined. At any rate it nettled me. I am not taking a vacation. This essay goes by air mail and if my luck holds you will have to think up some other reason than tardiness for leaving me out of your valuable journal of opinion.

Your last words as I slunk out the door, tripping over a modernistic couch, were, "If you get a good tip on any horse at Miami please send a wire as I feel sure that all the editors of The New Republic would be glad to back your judgment."

Well, I haven't been to Miami and I have made three speeches and given five inspirational interviews. Indeed it has been one hell of a vacation. You see, if there isn't a branch of the Newspaper Guild in town somebody comes around and wants to know just why the executive board has been so lax. If there is a Guild there's a dinner with roast chicken and hearts of lettuce and speeches and later a huddle in the hotel as to just what tactics should be used in a strike.

A brand new kind of youngster is rising up in the South. These are the men and women who were of high-school age or younger at the time of the great depression. They are moving in to take their share in tackling the economic and political problems of today. They come up smiling and swinging both fists. They don't take people like Dies or John Nance Garner one-tenth so seriously as we do in the North. Even the revered name of Scarlett O'Hara is a joke as far as they are concerned.

For the first time in my life I am meeting people in the deep South who have forgotten Appomattox and enlisted for Armageddon. They are tossing aside prejudice and tradition like old leaves on a lawn. When they say, "Gone with the wind," there is no wistfulness in their voices. They are not hankering any more for the big plantation on the hill and the sound of strumming banjos.

I suppose that these gay and earnest people who are around doing union organizing and preaching progressive [illegible] crazy may constitute a minority. But there are a lot them are CIO and they take a visiting unionist around in the most ramshackle cars I've ever known. Of course they live on a dime a day and they often look just about as gaunt as the Mexican pecan workers with whom they have thrown in their lot.

They are Left in the sense that what is called orthodox old-fashioned trade unionism simply doesn't work with people in the pitifully small salary groups. Belonging to a union here is a twenty-four-hour job and the union headquarters is school, college, club and quick-lunch room.

Twenty-five years ago I was down in Texas as a baseball reporter with John McGraw's ball club. Larry Doyle, the second baseman who was only recently up from the sticks, said something which we all used in our stories. He said, "It's great to be young and a Giant." Today I don't see any better wish a man could make than to be twenty-five and right in the heart of the labor fight in the South.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

L'Affaire Chemidlin

A STANDARD ACCUSATION AGAINST THE NEW DEAL, often made by New Dealers themselves, is that of bad administration. The present defense program shows the New Deal at its worst. The recent case of Captain Paul Chemidlin, French Air Ministry agent who was injured in the crash of a Douglas bomber, revealed jealousies, confusion, cross-hauling, inside the War and Navy Departments, and between them. With some assurance, it may be said that Captain Chemidlin learned no significant military secrets, and had no chance to learn them. Experts say that the Army Air Corps' bomb-sight, the only bit of military equipment likely to have been on the bomber, had been removed before its flight. The whole episode was neither more dangerous, nor more reassuring, than the British government's purchase of American airplanes last spring.

The reason it became a near-scandal was intra-administration friction. What General Malin Craig, Chief of Staff, told a secret session of Senators has not been established, but apparently he heavily involved other New Deal agencies. In a subsequent secret session, Secretaries Morgenthau and Woodring quite certainly swapped insults with great vigor, to the amazement of their hearers. It was this intramural squabbling, rather than Captain Chemidlin, that stirred the suspicion of Senate members and made it necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to assemble them, again in secret session, at the White House. It may be recalled, too, that the Chemidlin incident came close on the heels of that of Guam, where the Navy Department—or Chairman Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee—made public confidential information about the proposed Guam base in the apparent hope of forcing the hand of the State Department and Mr. Roosevelt himself.

Exact information about the New Deal's armament program is not easy to obtain. In the War Department, however, the man who has been pushing it most actively, and [illegible] with the White House,

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is Colonel Louis A. Johnson, the Assistant Secretary of War. That friction has arisen between him and his chief, Secretary Woodring, and between him and the members of the general staff, is common knowledge. What is less generally known is that similar tensions—if so far less acute—exist within the Navy Department. The bald fact is that the navy's building program is a year, even a year and a half, behind schedule. Some experts say that the Navy Department's ineptitude, if ever investigated, would shock the country. From the viewpoint of labor, such accusations have an ironic tinge, for the Navy Department has encouraged private shipbuilding yards to resist the CIO on the ground that its building program was one of desperate speed.

Perhaps the single most significant new member of Congress is Senator Sheridan Downey of California, former EPIC-er, former Townsend clubber, and now apparently former Ham-and-Egger. He is the most authentic representative of that part of the middle class which was dispossessed by the 1929-and-onwards depression yet to reach Washington. Either Mr. Downey or Governor Olson is likely to control the California delegation to the 1940 Democratic convention, and be the state's favorite son. If the various leagues of old folks—beg pardon, senior citizens—can unite nationally, Mr. Downey is their probable leader.

Mr. Downey is a slight, grayish, strikingly handsome man of fifty-four. For all his outward suavity, he is the American frontier in shoes. He was born in Wyoming; he has eloquent arguments to prove that Southern California is the last repository of our ancient virtues and hopes; he is practically an animated lecture by Professor F. J. Turner. Beyond this, however, he is a person of fascinating twists of character. He had a wholly improbable father, writer of a great poem in blank verse, "The Immortals," which Mr. Downey reverently describes as part of our literary heritage. In 1860, scarcely more than a child, the father stumped Maryland for Lincoln and the Union. He enlisted in the Union army, became a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, protested to his superiors over the surrender at Harper's Ferry, was court-martialed and acquitted. He moved to Wyoming, and, although first a poet, found time also to be a locally famous lawyer, territorial delegate at Washington and the instructor of his children in Latin and Greek.

From a home of Alfred Lord Tennyson honor, young Sheridan went forth to the University of Michigan, which he found split by a row over what was then called "frenzied athletics." He took the side of purity and no ringers, organized the student body and captured the athletic association—which the football-maddened alumni promptly abolished. It was his first meeting with political chicanery. Back in Wyoming and just twenty-four, he was made district attorney by his father's friends. The community was in the midst of a venomous war between millionaire stock-raisers and penniless homesteaders, in which hired desperadoes were used to murder homesteaders. The friends of Downey's family were stock-raisers, and he was inexpressibly shocked when he was offered a $2,500 bribe. He set out to organize Wyoming against the Republican machine. In 1912, he split the Republican Party as a Bull Mooser, and made possible a Democratic victory. After the election, the Wilson administration offered him his choice of federal patronage. Preparing for purity in politics, Downey excoriated the bewildered emissary for this sordid huckstering of office.

Downey had now made himself exquisitely unpopular among the Wyoming ruling group, and moved to California, where he became a successful trial lawyer. He says he took no further interest in politics until about 1927, when he spontaneously became stirred by problems of monetary management, foresaw the coming collapse, and began writing warning letters to Mr. Hoover. Mr. Downey is now squarely in the long, intensely American tradition of currency tinkers, people who believe that if only a law could be passed about money the country would be saved. Nevertheless, he is immeasurably more intelligent, subtle and persuasive than his fellow devotees. Since he has been in Washington, he has earnestly sought advice from the Brookings Institution and New Deal economists. He will offer a bill for pensions for our senior citizens and for an expanding economy within a few weeks, and around it may revolve one of the chanciest fights of the present session.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Thoughts in a Time of Troubles

As THIS COLUMN SEEKS, as much as possible, to stick to domestic matters, it is necessary for us to make some adjustments because of our growing boundaries. Since the United States is now bounded on the North by the Arctic, on the South by the Horn, on the West by the Yangtze and on the East by the Rhine, it must be seen that the beat of a reporter covering domestic matters has been consistently enlarged. With the development of aviation, however, we may find ourselves soon under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership engaged in three-dimensional expansion with a demand for a large appropriation to fortify the moon.

A good many citizens are wondering why people do not invest their money and start business going. There is plenty of money to invest. The banks are bulging, the savings banks have so much that many are limiting the amounts they will take. Then why do they not invest? Of course there are several good reasons. But one of them is, beyond doubt, the sad experience of those people who have tried their hand at investment. You can burn a child, of course, without quenching his appetite for fire. But you cannot keep on burning him without curing his pyromania. Most investors got well burned before 1929. They got burned several times. They got mercilessly burned in the investment trusts which were invented to advise and guide them, and which advised and guided them into vaster losses. Then, having been thus burned, they were invited to invest in another wave of trusts between 1930 and 1935. The people who went into these trusts, according to a report just made by David Schenker of the SEC, would have been 12 percent better off if they had just put their money into a savings bank. Now it must be remembered that the people who went into these trust

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losses. They were seeking sound, conservative investment. And they got losses of their capital funds instead. Under these circumstances why should people invest? Wall Street cannot blame the government for this.

In May, 1937—nearly two years ago—this column indulged in the following comment:

> A federal judge ought not to be engaged in another business. He should not be permitted to be a bank president or a stock broker while he is a federal judge. And I suggest that he ought not to be a customer of a stock broker. It is not healthy to have the man who sits in such important cases getting his mind mixed up with the affairs and practices and stratagems and ethical standards of Wall Street. . . . The President recently told all federal employees that they should not speculate, and I think he went so far as to ask an official to take steps to stop them. Certainly no federal official should be more bound to heed such advice than a federal judge.

And who, do you think, was the judge referred to? Who but the Hon. Martin T. Manton, who has just been driven to resignation under fire because of the exposure of his business activities. But, singularly, no federal official took any steps to stop him. The job had to be done by a newspaper and a local district attorney.

Everyone will sympathize with the plight of Governor Lehman of New York, who is confronted with an increase in the cost of running New York State. Furthermore the Governor is to be commended for his determination to force this great rich state to pay its bills as it goes along. But this means finding $57,000,000 in increased taxes during the balance of this year and next year. And so, like many a harried Governor, he has had to scrape around for new ways to get this money. One of the means he proposes, however, would certainly seem to merit further consideration before it is adopted by the state, particularly since it may well become a pattern for other states. It is a proposal for a very small tax on turnover.

Of course the details of the tax have not been disclosed as this is written. But if it is to be a tax on the turnover of every business enterprise, then I do not see how it is to be distinguished in essence from Dr. Townsend's famous transactions tax. After all, the turnover of any single business enterprise represents the aggregate of the transactions of that enterprise. Like the transactions tax, this has a cumulative effect which may well prove very embarrassing to certain business enterprises.

Let me put it this way. A producer buys some raw materials which cost $5,000 and submits them to certain preliminary processing. He then turns them over to another department of his factory, where they are subjected to certain additional processing. After this they pass to another department, where they are processed still further. Thus these goods move from one department to another until they have been separately treated in ten departments, at which point they emerge as finished products. Now since this is a single business concern, one department does not sell the goods to the next department. Hence as the goods move from one department to another there is no money turnover and no tax.

But when this producer sells his goods to the outside world for money. After subjecting them to certain treatment he sells them to another and separate processor. Materials in their travel from the raw state to the finished product may move anywhere from two to thirty times. And at each stage one processor or jobber or dealer sells them to the next stage, involving a money turnover. And where there is a turnover tax, there will be a tax at each move of the goods. A tax of two-tenths of one percent on the turnover may be small. But on goods which go through many turnovers on their way from the farm or mine or forest to the retail dealer and the consumer, there may be so many turnovers that the tax on the finished article when finally sold to the consumer may be several percent. It is a dangerous form of taxation.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Tinker to Evans to Chance

MAURICE EVANS is apparently resolved to be known as the most versatile actor since Lon Chaney, even if he has to do Bligh of the "Bounty." But I've always had the feeling, and I didn't lose it during his "Henry IV, Part One," that a play is worth respect *as a play* if it's worth raising a curtain on at all, and is never the vehicle or hobby-horse of single ambition. In general, the company at the St. James put on this Shakespeare play as though they were dressing up and walking through some doubtful exercise, such as being funny with a Gutenberg Bible.

The vocal world seems to be evenly divided between those who wish to show veneration for The Bard by falling into a hush over each new venture in which he is featured, and those who perform the same office by cursing each new attempt to move these bones. It is true that every man has his own Shakespeare if he has him at all. Thus a company is faced with a real problem of audience preconception—further aggravated by the almost line-for-line tradition of stage business and stale comparisons with other companies, times, etc. And it is no joke to approach this completely different theatre period without self-consciousness, to realize that some things once necessary are no longer so, some effective once are now foolish, and that a whole scene may build to a line that is now thrown away on all but the antiquarians. Yet if you can't find some common ground between humility and theatre need, and get into a play so that you can believe in it as such, rather than as something leading the way to gusty breath, you might as well drop it and start rehearsing "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

It is not well enough seen or resented that a theatre company today puts more care and effort into making real, making plausible, bringing to life the scenes of some wretched bungler escaped from Samuel French, Inc., than it will on the whole "Henry IV" cycle. It's as though to say, now watch *me:* the play is of course immortal and can take care of itself. The hell it can.

Possibly the movies have spoiled all but the fanatics among us for the idea of a play as a succession of speeches and stage action as a stomping of feet. Here, for example, the robbery was no more than an awkward collection of business; whereas any good Western would have five different examples of how to make it look as though it were happening. The aftermath of Hal v. Falstaff, the idea of

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with such insecure timing and half-convinced play of character that the situation by itself becomes nothing. You would have to go back to a W. C. Fields sketch to remember how monstrous sly dodges and barefaced villainy can be made hilarious, sympathetic, and real every minute.

In fact, W. C. Fields would make four Fat Jacks to Evans' one even if he'd never opened a book in his life. So would Charles Laughton, who would have read the part more shrewdly. It would be objected against these men that they would still be themselves and wreck illusion. But at least they are along that line naturally, with the gift of humor; and surely it is better to be "yourself" and be something than be nothing much, for you'll never get a Falstaff simply by coming on dressed up like a department-store Santa Claus. It's not only that Maurice Evans narrowed the part toward the stock fat man and hypocrite (he will even swallow the principal line of a side by turning upstage, and in the scene where he and Hal have that wonderful mock interview between King and Prince, he actually muffs the whole point of rogue's equanimity by groaning, clapping his head and generally catching flies). He seems to have approached the greatest comic character in English literature without the least speculation over whether he were any kind of comic himself at all.

Of course it is partly miscasting (Mr. Evans obviously should have played Prince Hal; Edmond O'Brien plays Hal and obviously shouldn't). But it seems to a good extent owing to the constraint exercised by strange clothes and speeches and the classic. The production is colorful, its music is better than average for Shakespeare music, but its pervading tone is hollow and quickly lost, like a shout down a rain barrel.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The Deputy concluded it was time to put an end to a continuous series of occupations.

"We have occupations of factories, occupation of the Rhineland, occupation of Ethiopia and now part of French Somaliland and, finally, of the Minquiers Islands. Nobody has ever done anything about any of them."

"Yes, they have," answered Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet. "Both I and my predecessor have protested." – *From a news item in The New York Times.*

We must place our faith in our courts of law in such cases. As I see it, the only point of the Mooney case is that the California Governor believes Mooney is entitled to freedom because of his prison record, and not because he has shown evidence of his innocence. – *Stephen F. Chadwick, American Legion Commander, quoted in The Albuquerque, N. M., Tribune.*

Our Blessed Mother had to the very last degree all of the qualities that every man admires in a woman—a deep love for his interests, but no interference with his business. – *Former Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, quoted in The New York Times.*

Bill for an Act to Amend an Act Entitled 'To Amend an Act Entitled "To Amend Section One of an Act Entitled 'An Act to Provide a Bond Issue.'"'" – *News item from The Chicago Daily News.*

Sh-h-h!

If we took seriously the opposition attacks we should believe that British prestige has sunk to the lowest possible depths and that Mr. Chamberlain either is a guileless old man always being taken in by cunning dictators or a Fascist in disguise, ready to sacrifice British interests for Fascist favors. – *Sir Samuel Hoare, quoted in The New York Post.*

Brotherhood-of-Man Department

The suicide list includes two men, two women and a Negro. – *News item in The Little Rock, Ark., Gazette.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

John Longo and I'm-the-Law Hague

SIR: On June 2, 1938, in Jersey City, Judge Robert V. Kinkead sentenced me to nine months in the Hudson County Penitentiary after a jury composed chiefly of relatives and friends of public officials found me guilty of violating the election laws. My supposed crime was that I had sworn falsely to the validity of signatures of a nominating petition in the Democratic Primary of 1937, specifically, that I had not "witnessed" the signatures on the petition as the affidavit stated. Had the accusation been true (and it was not) it would have been an offense that has been committed annually here for many years, the worst offenders being the Hague marionettes. Congressman Vito Marcantonio, who so ably defended me, applied for my release on bail pending appeal, but Judge Kinkead refused it. I entered the penitentiary the following day.

My sentence specified confinement in the county penitentiary. But the seventy-year-old structure that I entered, I found within a day or two, had only a week before become curiously like a concentration camp. The half-century-old privilege of receiving and reading newspapers had been revoked forty-eight hours earlier. The deputy warden dolefully explained that "under the rules" they were not required to give me mail until I was released. "But if you sign an order permitting us to open and read it—" I signed the order.

I am a lifelong resident of Jersey City. I have seen it fester with crime and political corruption. I have watched it barter its civic conscience and dignity for workless jobs on the city, county and state payrolls. It was natural that when I entered the penitentiary I had a few misgivings about the value of struggling for better government. But the many letters I received and the knowledge that throughout the country eminent men and women, labor organizations and civic bodies, were protesting, left me with the profound conviction that citizens everywhere were alert to the danger of the Hagues and were preparing to teach them the meaning of real Americanism.

It was with this conviction that I reëntered the fight

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bugaboo of Vatican invasion for John L. Lewis, and those Jews who don't believe in fighting back—will be easily deceived as to the nature of the issue. But to anyone who has read modern history, it can have only one name: "fascism."

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has written its opinion of Mayor Hague and his administration, but let no one be deceived into believing that the Jersey City dictator will be responsive to the decision. For every way of skinning a cat, Hague has two to suppress fundamental rights and liberties.

Less thar twenty-four hours after the Circuit Court's decision a committee composed of local men and women who had organized a "welcome home" dinner for me was advised by the YMCA that even though tickets had been printed and distributed, it did not matter—they just couldn't keep their promise. "Sorry." The Canton Tea Garden at first consented; a day later changed its mind. And the Fairmont Hotel would not consider a dinner for the Longo Case. "You know the reason why."

Even the Dies Committee would have shied at calling Reds any of this committee—whom Mayor Hague, presumably, has been fighting in recent weeks in Miami Beach. . . . The committee may have to go to Newark or New York for a hall, but the incident is expressive of the fear and terror that have paralyzed Jersey City. To the property owners, defying Hague means reprisals—higher and discriminatory assessments, higher taxes, boycotts and discovery of building violations and the thousand and one other ways to persuade the recalcitrant to prevailing views. If you own no property, the Mayor's grand jury can indict you—or you can have instead the Hague-controlled, influenced or intimidated petty jury.

Our fight to reëstablish constitutional rights in Jersey City will, of course, go on. But the struggle needs the help of all liberty-loving men and women. The problem that is now Jersey City's will tomorrow be duplicated in a hundred cities unless this hydra-headed political monster is brought to bay. Attorney General Frank Murphy and the Department of Justice are not unmindful of the problem. But fundamentally the responsibility is that of every man and woman to whom living in the United States is a heart-warming struggle for a healthier, freer and happier life.

Jersey City, N. J. JOHN R. LONGO

Toward Social Security

SIR: Mr. Abraham Epstein, in his article "Away from Social Insecurity" [The New Republic, January 4], states that, "We can best meet the problems of the long-time unemployed still in the labor market and of those who have exhausted their insurance benefits, by integrating relief and insurance into a uniform and economical program." He suggests that those now on relief "should report daily or at least three times a week at the employment offices and should be required to accept suitable employment at normal wages. As long as jobs are not available, the unemployed in this group who are found to be in need should receive the same benefits as the recently unemployed out of the funds now spent for relief and the WPA." Mr. Epstein concludes that, as a result, the self-respect of relief recipients would be increased and administrative costs saved by a lack of duplication.

From the latter point I assume that one agency would distribute both unemployment-insurance benefits and relief. Such a move would, in my opinion, tend to eradicate all differences both in the public attitude and that of recipients between relief and unemployment insurance. One of the real advantages of unemployment insurance is that no qualifying needs test is applied. This contributes greatly to the morale [illegible] ployment insurance rather than to raise the morale of those on relief.

Relief recipients, as well as recipients of unemployment-insurance benefits, are already required to accept "suitable employment at normal wages." It is needless to say that jobs which would suit Mr. Epstein's requirements are seldom available. There is no shortage of relief recipients eager to fill them.

New York City ETHEL S. EPSTEIN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

We received a small flood of letters this week commenting upon Stuart Chase's "How to Stop Dictators" in the January 25 issue. F. B. Clark of Trenton, New Jersey, finds the article "precise and interesting," but belittles the possibility of finding the inventions Mr. Chase calls for. Joseph Teplin of Chicago criticizes Mr. Chase for comparing the unemployment problem in the United States with the situation in Germany. There is no problem of unemployment in Germany, but only because men are considered "employed" if they are in the army, a work camp, public-works project or an armament factory. In the United States, a man employed by the WPA is considered "unemployed." Mary Allen Grant of Sparta, Illinois, feels Mr. Chase's solution to our economic problems is "un-American." Arturo de Rohan of Tacoma, Washington, believes Mr. Chase should have cited the USSR as a country which has solved the unemployment problem, rather than Nazi Germany.

W. R. Johnston, W. R. Johnston Jr. and W. S. Early sent a joint letter praising The New Republic for its telegram to President Roosevelt, urging him to lift the embargo on Loyalist Spain: "It is never too late to perform a righteous act, and The New Republic is to be congratulated on having the guts to put President Roosevelt on the spot and prove once for all whether he as the representative of the American people, or the Catholic hierarchy, is running this country." Betsey B. Davis of Park Ridge, New Jersey, writes about the same telegram: "Of many fine issues of the magazine, the February 1 number is the banner one. I would express that opinion if it contained only 'A Telegram to the President,' a document that voices with authority . . . what many of us have desired to say." Benjamin Marsh, executive secretary of the People's Lobby, Washington, D. C., writing on the same subject, says the telegram seemed "slightly naïve." "Anybody who is not on the federal payroll knows that the New Deal is cracking as an effort to end our economic system. The President needs a Franco victory, so he can scare the people by the bogey of Hitler and Mussolini over Latin America." Emily B. Gnagey of Albany, New York, commends the "Telegram to the President." "Your support of the Spanish Republic has been a salutary and liberal influence in trying times."

We mention just two out of many letters we have received on the subject of the WPA cuts. Irving Mendelowitz, secretary of the Committee for the Arts Projects, urges New Republic readers to ask President Roosevelt and the new WPA Administrator, Colonel F. C. Harrington, to prevent wholesale firings of arts-projects workers. Eloise Taylor of Chicago makes the same request.

Olin Downes, music critic of The New York Times, writes that George Seldes in his article "Treason on the Times" (September 7) quoted from "New Times" a misrepresentation of his attitude towards Loyalist Spain. Mr. Downes is "ardently in sympathy" with the efforts to raise funds for Loyalist Spain. Speaking as an individual, he is indignant at the misrepresentations of the true causes and issues in the press of the United States, and he thinks that the failure of the United States Government to lift the embargo is "the most incomprehensible act[illegible] of an administration which, as a whole, I support and

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Books in Review

Yeats and O'Faolain

A FEW WEEKS before the death of William Butler Yeats, I woke out of a restless sleep and found myself fuming at an essay that dealt with his work. The essay, printed in the winter number of The Virginia Quarterly Review, was well informed and sharply phrased; otherwise it wouldn't have stuck in my head. But I felt that it typified a weakness of modern criticism, especially the sort that is written by polished and professional men of letters.

The title of the essay was "Æ and W.B." and its author was Sean O'Faolain. The sentence in it that first roused my sleepy resentment was, "The Marxist critic will never be able to do anything with Yeats." Although I had written two or three essays about him, there was no reason for my taking the statement personally. I am not and never was a Marxist critic, in the sense of wanting to judge all literature by its direct bearing on the class war and the proletarian revolution. Marx himself was not a Marxist in that sense, for he was careful not to confuse his literary with his political enthusiasms; the living writer whom he most admired was Balzac, a Royalist. It was Plekhanov, at the end of the nineteenth century, who began to consider novels and plays and poems as a department of revolutionary party politics, the department of agitation and propaganda—Agitprop. Most of the Marxist critics writing today have unfortunately followed Plekhanov and his Russian disciples rather than Marx himself. Yet for all their narrowness and, on occasion, their insensitiveness to literary values, they have contributed something to the discussion—new answers to old questions, new questions that remain to be answered and, most of all, a consistent method of interpretation and evaluation. Anyone who completely rejects their method should at least propose another to take its place. And so, when I remembered O'Faolain's flat statement that "The Marxist critic will never be able to do anything with Yeats," I wanted to ask him what the non-Marxist critic could do.

Lighting the bed-lamp, I read the essay again. My strongest impression was that it was beautifully written, in a slow and rhythmical early eighteenth-century style that survives only in Dublin, just as the early nineteenth-century style survives in our Southern universities. It showed what to me was an enviable knowledge of Yeats's work and personality and literary interests. It made several illuminating suggestions, and at times it seemed to be on the point of pronouncing some deep and ineffable truth about Yeats. But the truth never got itself uttered, at least not in language that could be understood by the common reader, and I finished the essay a second time with a feeling of having somehow been cheated.

It seemed to me that O'Faolain, like other critics of his type, would flinch at the critical moments when one expected a clear statement of what he had been hinting at or preparing to say. Instead of a definition, he would write a beautiful phrase. For example, [illegible] impressionistic picture of spiritualism and theosophy—"spookism," in short—as practised by literary men in the 1890's. This leads to a historical survey of the spiritualist movement, and this in turn to a paragraph dealing with the considerable part that was played in it by Yeats and AE. But just what did it mean in terms of Yeats's poems? The road has been paved and the reader guided along it to a summit from which he is expecting a clear view of the countryside; but this is precisely the moment when O'Faolain chooses to hide in a literary mist:

> All that kind of thing one knows about; and, in so far as one bothers with it at all, one dismisses it as the natural caparison of young and febrile genius. What really is important is the subjection of mind to what these things symbolized. . . . This mental subjection is something more easily felt than defined. What synthesis Yeats managed to evolve out of his multifarious interests emerges, in so far as it ever emerges, in fits and starts, and was always subject to a kind of catalepsy.

Now the truth is that Yeats's interest in spooks and spectres led him to certain ideas which he later developed, with other ideas, into a fairly systematic philosophy; you can find it expressed in his essays and in "A Vision." That philosophy—that mythology, if you prefer—is essential to anyone who wants to understand his later poems. In the summer number of The Southern Review, Cleanth Brooks Jr. discussed it a little pedantically but clearly and at great length, with the result that his essay tells you more about Yeats than a hundred "impressions" or "appreciations." O'Faolain dismisses the subject with a phrase. "A kind of catalepsy" is a good phrase, but it is neither accurate nor helpful to the reader. To the critic, I thought, it is positively harmful, since it tempts him away from the tedious but fruitful work of finding a definition.

Perhaps I was being unjust to O'Faolain. But I was trying to get at a quality of his essay, one that it shares with a great mass of critical writing—the quality of mistaking impressions for ideas and effective phrases for explanations, in a word, of making literature about literature. The critic insists on being a creator, a poet in his own right. He pretends to be looking at another author, but his stare is misty and abstracted; he is really thinking about the color and rhythm of his own style. That is the weakness, I thought, of a passage like the one in which O'Faolain tries to follow Yeats in his divagations between the real Ireland and the world of spooks:

> It was an extraordinary voyage and it had an unexpected conclusion; and naturally we can more easily observe the end than record the fluxive currents that had, before he alighted, blown him this way and that. We know, however, that having thus published three or four books with an Irish flavor, he floated off again into the symbolism of the Rose poems. . . . For the formative period of his life he was simply groping about here and there, happy with any kind of imagery or crude expression of his innate feeling [illegible]

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This is an effective passage, better in the original than in the abbreviated version I have given, which omits all the skillfully chosen quotations. I suppose that I shouldn't complain if it tells us very little about Yeats's actual career as a poet and how it happened that one set of ideals succeeded another. My real grievance is that it obscures his story, dresses it up, whisks over it a veil of Keltic twilight—and see! there was no logic in it, none whatsoever; Yeats was "blown this way and that," he "floated off again," he was "simply groping about here and there." A Marxist critic could find reason and direction in these gropings of a poet who was the greatest of our time. But Yeats himself was something of a Marxist critic in his "Autobiography," where he judged himself objectively against his background. His style—which has plainly influenced O'Faolain's—is a little difficult to follow in its ramifications, but if we read him carefully he makes us understand that each new stage in his thinking was a logical and almost necessary development out of his past. That understanding is precisely what his critic fails to give.

Or take another passage, one where the weakness of O'Faolain's approach is exposed more clearly. He has been making a distinction—rather hard to grasp, since I doubt that it is clear in his own mind—between character and personality. He has also been saying that Yeats attempted to resolve a conflict between two sides of his own nature, the solitary and the social. Not being what O'Faolain would call a man of character, he invented a personality for himself, in order "to unite his human gregariousness and his artistic loneliness." But this personality, this role that Yeats assumed, has been overdramatized:

> Yeats is not, by nature, either so romantic or so lonely as his role might suggest. He is a public figure, if a rather vague one. And when I think of the modern men who seem not to have lived by static character but by personality, the names that come to me are the names of other gregarious men—Johnson, Landor, Donne, Dick Steele, Sterne, Horace Walpole, Goldsmith; and to these, none romantics, the one romantic, Shelley. I think of men whose character was static, and I think of lonely Arnold, Wordsworth, Gray, Tennyson, Rousseau and possibly Browning—all romantics except Gray. And surely it is to the former company rather than the latter that Yeats belongs.

All that is nicely stated and very learned, and perhaps to the specialist in literary biography it conveys an idea—but just what idea, I wonder? What was the quality that Johnson, Donne, Sterne and Shelley had in common?—that Gray, Rousseau and possibly Browning had in common?—except the quality of having "names that come to me" at the same moment. Perhaps there is a real link binding the writers in each group, but I should like to see these links described in non-subjective terms. Were they physiological, glandular? In that case, how would O'Faolain define them in terms of medical science? Were they psychological? In that case, how would he define them in terms of psychoanalysis, behaviorism, Gestalt or any other psychology with scientific pretensions? Or perhaps the links were social and political? In that case, are they capable of definition in terms of Marx, Weber, Mannheim, Pareto or any other non-literary political scientist? Johnson, for example, had a static character and Goldsmith hadn't, considering that Goldsmith remained the same lovable child until his death, whereas Wordsworth changed so completely that if, in his old age, he had met the younger Wordsworth he would have thrown him into jail for his radical opinions? And what does O'Faolain mean by a romantic—that is, would he explain the word historically, psychologically, sociologically or in terms of pure literature? If it is being used in a literary sense, why weren't Walpole and Gray romantics, considering that much of their work belongs to the romantic movement? If it is being used historically, how explain the mixture of centuries in both lists of names? What light do these examples from the English past throw on the work of a modern Irish poet? He was an eighteenth-century figure, O'Faolain tells us, but was born out of his time. That is the sort of remark often made by literary critics when they can't think of anything better. If it really applies to Yeats, how can we also believe, as O'Faolain seems to do, that his character or nature or personality was molded by the spiritualist movement of the 1890's, by the Irish literary renaissance of the 1900's and by the Irish revolution?

There are other questions I might have asked. But at this point in my long soliloquy, I began writing a letter to O'Faolain. I told him much of what has already been said about his essay. I told him—and without being merely polite—that I deeply admired his stories and novels; what I liked in them especially was their power of suggestion and vague evocation. "But why do you aim toward the same qualities in your critical writing? That isn't," I said, "a question addressed to you alone. Critics for at least a century have been trying to judge literature purely in terms of literature. When that line of thinking gets them into trouble, as it is bound to do, they merely stop thinking and write a finely evocative phrase. Or else they make use of some abstraction—Beauty or Ecstasy, or Personality and Character—to gloss over conflicts that couldn't be resolved without hard thinking and tedious research.

"Rather than being scholarly or scientific or merely informative," I said, "critics want to be the high priests of a literary tradition. They go on repeating their own errors and those of their predecessors, which custom has rendered almost sacred. The result is that criticism in our times has advanced scarcely farther than in those of Aristotle; much of it is really pre-Aristotelian. And most of it won't amount to more than a learned game until it consents to let its results be tested by outside disciplines—by philosophy, psychology, sociology, medicine, and by history most of all.

"That explains the importance of the Marxist critics. The chief service they render is to introduce non-literary standards that change the rules of the game, that make it more of a science, that bring it closer to the rest of life. These standards are often crude and impolite, especially in the beginning, but at least they can be tested and verified and altered at the points where they disagree with information from other sources; in other words, they are capable of improvement. The trouble with abstractions is that they are capable of producing nothing but more abstractions. The trouble with beautiful writing, for a critic like yourself, is that it simply piles literature on literature, prayer on prayer, subjective mood on subjective mood, world without end."

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Dollar Diplomacy

The Far Eastern Policy of the United States, by A. Whitney Griswold. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 530 pages. $3.75.

PROFESSOR GRISWOLD'S VOLUME is a unified and coherent discussion of the policies of the United States in the Far East during the past forty years. It is certainly the most authoritative account available, from both published and unpublished sources, of the Open Door, dollar diplomacy, the territorial integrity of China, immigration, naval equilibrium and other objectives of American diplomacy. In a short review it is possible to give only the briefest indication of the wealth of material presented.

In the Philippines Mr. Griswold sees perhaps the most important single factor influencing American statecraft in the Pacific. Acquisition of the islands was inherent in the imperialism which was partly a cause and partly an effect of the war with Spain. The decision to annex the archipelago was largely the work of a "small, rather self-conscious, politically effective group of expansionists, led by Captain Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge." Realizing that the presence of the American flag in the western Pacific would be contrary to every earlier conception of national interest, McKinley at first did everything possible to resist the expansionists; in fact, Mr. Griswold shows, annexation was to the President thoroughly "repulsive." Had he stood firm it is quite conceivable that some other disposition would have been made of the islands, as ratification of the treaty with Spain was accomplished by the narrow margin of one vote. It was not long before Theodore Roosevelt was compelled to admit that the acquisition of the Philippines was a tragic error; he described the islands as the "Achilles heel" of the United States. Their safety has haunted every President since the turn of the century, and they are the single point at which this nation continues to be vulnerable.

Likewise the Open Door policy was, in the author's judgment, "a foray into world politics," especially as it was not and is not now warranted solely by the volume of American trade with China. Essentially it was nothing more than the old most-favored-nation principle, the application of which, however, was complicated by the special conditions prevailing in the Far East. Taft's policy of dollar diplomacy was a logical corollary of the Open Door, except that Taft and Knox went beyond the protection of American interests and almost dragooned American capital into investments in Manchuria and other parts of China. In this instance, at least, foreign loans and concessions were sought in support of American political objectives, not vice versa. Preservation of the territorial and administrative integrity of China, a consequence of the Open Door, likewise tended to involve the United States still further in world politics.

The World War having substituted Japanese hegemony for the balance of power in the Far East, the situation seems to have reduced itself in Mr. Griswold's mind to a Japanese-American conflict of serious portent. Washington from 1918 to 1933 waged a diplomatic and political offensive against Tokyo which exacerbated feelings on both sides. Mr. Griswold indicates that in this struggle Japan holds most of the cards at [illegible]

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pines and are unwilling to assume the cost of overwhelming naval preponderance. With understanding but not approval of Japanese methods and objectives, he makes it plain that we do not now have the military weapons—he says little of economic means—to enforce our will upon an imperial Japan. He thinks Mr. Stimson's policy quixotic, especially as it was based upon the Kellogg Pact, which Mr. Griswold calls as "meaningless as an agreement not to raise umbrellas except in rainy weather." Although nominally supporting the Stimson doctrine, Mr. Hull is reluctant to be "disciplinarian of the Far East" and is proceeding on what the President terms a "twenty-four-hour basis." The present administration, likewise, has rightly become suspicious of Anglo-American coöperation or "parallel interests" in the Pacific area.

One has a feeling that in so far as documents tell the story, the whole story is here. But is the record of mankind preserved exclusively, or even primarily, in diplomatic archives? On the formation of public opinion concerning the Far East, for example, Mr. Griswold has virtually nothing to say. He underestimates too, I think, the enormous influence of missionaries and missionary tradition not only on American popular judgment of the issues, but in the creation of sympathy for China and hostility to Japan. In other words, diplomatic dispatches are not written in a vacuum. Nor are they exercises in forensics. They are a reflection of national interest (whether well conceived or not) and of national emotions. It is of course too much to expect Mr. Griswold to cover this vast field, but it is necessary to indicate that what the author has to say is by no means the whole story.

Although Mr. Griswold writes extremely well and has a happy gift for turning a neat phrase, this book is sometimes heavy going. The reason is that there are too many lengthy, undigested quotations from documentary materials. Otherwise this is first-rate historical writing. As a critical study it shows discretion, tolerance and courage. It is indisputably the best work of its kind now available to the student of American diplomacy, and it belongs in the library of any citizen who wishes to interpret daily press reports in the light of the best contemporary scholarship.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

Whitehead

Modes of Thought, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. 251 pages. $2.50.

MR. WHITEHEAD is the most fortunate of contemporary philosophers. He came to professional philosophy late in life, and therefore combines the fresh-mindedness of youth with adequate preparation in the most lively pursuits of modern thought, mathematical physics. He is aware of the farthest romantic reaches and the deepest mysteries that modern thought presents, and still maintains that balance between rashness and cowardice which intellectual courage demands. He knows that any system, including those which he has made, has unformulated and at any given time unformulable presuppositions. Furthermore he knows that one can realize this fact only if one has endured the pains of much formulation. Many who know this, and lack the necessary discipline to realize it, are afraid of all formula-

Since Mr. Whitehead wrote the "Principles of Natural Knowledge" I have been fascinated by the use that he has made of projective geometry. It has played two parts in his work. It has given him his most lively metaphors and finally his most expressive technical terms. It has also been the great allegorical guide line for his speculation. A point with projective rays reaching out to the all surrounding spatial infinity is the figurative instrument of his thought and writing. Any "really real" thing is a center acting on everything else by projecting itself upon it, and being acted upon by everything else. Increase the figure to n-dimensions and you have the form that can conquer any matter. Mr. Whitehead's writing projects him upon the reader like light.

"Modes of Thought," like "Adventures of Ideas," is concerned with the periphery of the philosophic domain. What is the incidence of intellectual light on the most distant or the most intimate matters? That is the question. The first answer is that the light is gently and persistently pervasive. The second answer is that it always uncovers order in two senses: there are patterns, and there are perspectives. There are also abstractions to be understood. If things were static as this suggests there would be only patterns; because of change, not in spite of it, there must also be perspectives and abstractions. Time is a perspective of change; abstractions are its laws.

These themes are in all of Mr. Whitehead's books in varied terms. In this book patterns are matters-of-fact, perspectives are orders of importance, and these in turn determine degrees of clarity and abstraction. The centers are entities whose being consists in feeling and expressing. By a projective and literary shift the patterns are values, the abstractions are together civilization, the perspectives are routes of action. Endlessly rolling nature gives birth to these bundles of rays proceeding from centers of being; ideologies succeed each other in periods and epochs.

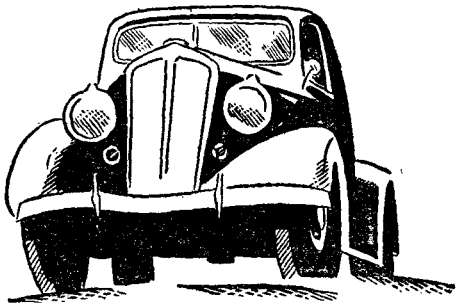
Philosophical books often have pungent occasional morals. The main theme of this book is such a moral, directed ever so gently and persistently to all ideologists. It reads, in brief, something like this: I beseech you, brothers, bethink yourselves that you may be wrong. Perhaps this is all that a philosopher should be trying to say in a world where there are so many unphilosophic ways of claiming divine right.

SCOTT BUCHANAN

Ralph Bates in Spain

Sirocco, by Ralph Bates. New York: Random House. $2.50.

THE LIFE of the Spanish people still is based on the life of the peasants under the monarchy, the heart-breaking labor in the fields. Ralph Bates's first stories are of that life, and he works in slowly to where he can see the hearts breaking. There came the Republic's confused beginnings, then the terrible "two black years." The stories move into the city, Barcelona, where the revolutionary movement is part of the life of these people. It was still true last summer that to talk with girls in Barcelona the best place to go was any one of the houses in the Barrio Chino. And it was still true that their poverty created in them and their friends and customers a special obligation to respond. A



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long look through the eyes of a revolutionary into one of those little Catalan fishing villages north of Barcelona that the Fascists are now blasting through, and ends with the outbreak of the rebellion.

Almost half of the book is stories of the war, ranging from fine to just terrible. I don't say it is easy to write truly about the three weeks of bloody fighting under hot sun with next to no water that we now call Brunete, but Bates hasn't done it by writing, "I was weary, ah, God, I was weary as I staggered across that brazen hill." It is a dirty trick to quote that, because the other stories wipe it out of your mouth. The book ends with the finest of all, "43rd Division." That division was cut off in the high Pyrenees in March, 1937, with its back to the French border, and stood off the Fascists for weeks, until the munitions ran out. Bates has not tried to tell the whole story, but he has given, beside his magnificent old anarchistic mountaineer scout, a glimpse of the way the whole outfit worked, and how those iron men did it.

It would have been easy enough for Bates to throw a fit on paper and so shock and thrill the romantic leftists who read about the class struggle in the morning papers while sipping their Lenin. He has tried to do it the hard way, the honest way. If it is not always clear and if he sometimes stumbles, 90 percent anyway is the McCoy.

JAMES BENÉT

Mark Sullivan

The Education of an American, by Mark Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 320 pages. $3.50.

MR. SULLIVAN'S education began in a small farmhouse in Pennsylvania, where he lived with his parents, immigrants from Ireland, and nine older children. The early pages of his book are pleasantly reminiscent of the country life which has conditioned so many Americans to strenuous living and self-dependence. The successive phases of his education were country school, normal school, four years on a village newspaper, Harvard College and Harvard Law School, journalism under Bok, McClure, Norman Hapgood, and finally a seat among the mighty on The New York Herald Tribune.

The later chapters of his book contain much of interest in respect to persons and events during the first twelve years of the century. Mr. Sullivan prides himself on having precluded the muckraking period of American journalism by an article in The Atlantic Monthly on "The Ills of Pennsylvania." He joined the crusade of The Ladies' Home Journal against patent medicines, and thus commended himself to McClure. From McClure's he went to Collier's, then beginning its great career through the association of Robert Collier and Norman Hapgood. That association Mr. Sullivan describes succinctly: "Of all the men I have known," he says, "Hapgood had the best mental machine. But of all the men I have known Collier had the least need of a mental machine." It was this union of reason and intuition that made Collier's the leading influence in American journalism. Mr. Sullivan confirms Hapgood's account in "The Changing Years" in attributing the unfortunate collapse of the alliance not so much to the fact that Collier was

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ods after his father's death. Payne Whitney in friendly fashion lent money to Collier; and Whitney's financial monitors, Lee, Higginson and Company, took advantage of their powers to dictate the policy of the magazine with respect to business in which they or their clients were interested. Hapgood would not stand for it and resigned.

This, however, is not the whole story. Although Hapgood barely mentions Sullivan in "The Changing Years," his friends always believed that Sullivan was disloyal and sought to undermine him in Collier's estimation. Evidence to support this belief was included in a well documented review of Sullivan's book published in The New Masses of December 14. After a brief period Sullivan succeeded to the editorship. Under him Collier's lost its intellectual distinction. Its part in putting the United States into the War, and then nullifying our contribution to the peace and security of the world, is properly the subject of a second instalment of Mr. Sullivan's story. It will deal with a period in which the author, with education complete, has devoted himself to educating others. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Good Prince Arthur

The Sword in the Stone, by T. H. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A STRANGE and in many ways delightful mixture of the legendary, the historical and the tongue-in-cheek, T. H. White's story is about the education of a youngster called the Wart, a foundling brought up in a thirteenth-century English and smallish castle household. He is trained in falconry, archery and jousting; by running loose through the castle, kitchens, mews, kennels and in the forest he learns many natural and strange things; and he is actually coached by Merlin to the end (unknown until the last) that he shall pull the sword from the anvil and stone, and use it to rule England as King Arthur.

It is a wise book and learned in many ways, and at times boldly absurd or disrespectful; but the best of it is that it creates enough illusion and makes its lore fascinating enough so that young people will actually learn more about medieval England from it than they will from twenty schoolbooks—and, incidentally, so will the rest of us, including the authors of the books, who never lived in the thirteenth century at all. For in matters of hunting, speech, fighting, castle economy, polite society and especially the care and use of animals, Mr. White is widely and accurately informed. Not only is he to be trusted, but his humorous liberties chase the dull solemnity of history out the window (Merlin, for example, can cast terrific spells but often crosses them up or gets tangled in his beard). And its deliberate anachronisms should not be so confusing as they are helpful in suggesting the link between past and present and in keeping the reader's wits sharp generally—as in the catalogue of Merlin's strange household clutter: ". . . three globes of the known geographical world, a few fossils, the stuffed head of a camelopard, six pismires, some glass retorts with cauldrons, bunsen burners, etc., and a complete set of cigarette cards depicting wild fowl by Peter Scott." It is longish perhaps and gets weary through the middle, but it is fascinating for over-[illegible]

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New Books: A Reader's List

A POET AND TWO PAINTERS: A Memoir of D. H. Lawrence, by Knud Merrild with an Introduction by Aldous Huxley (Viking, $3.50). A homely, pleasant narrative by one of two Danish painters who spent a winter "roughing it" on the Lawrence ranch near Taos. Not an outstanding memoir but interesting for its picture of the novelist living serenely among "men he was at peace with."

SCIENTISTS ARE HUMAN, by David Lindsay Watson (London: Watts and Company, 7 s. 6 d.). A vigorous, good-humored and scholarly attack by an American savant on the tendency to regard scientists as supermen and their work as above the battle. Dr. Lindsay believes that the principles of Gestalt psychology, combined with a realistic understanding of social forces, will do much to clarify the scientist's conception of himself. John Dewey contributes an appreciative foreword.

THE PROTESTANT CRUSADE, by Ray Allen Billington (Macmillan, $5). An assistant professor of History at Smith College makes a terrifying study of anti-Catholic, anti-foreign feeling in the United States from the early 1800's to the Know-Nothing movement of the 1850's. Scholarly, objective, a little dull, but required reading for the serious student of the "American mind."

THE BIG SLEEP, by Raymond Chandler (Knopf, $2). Some of the day's best commercial prose was served up by Black Mask, a pulp magerzoon, while Captain Shaw was at its head. This Chandler, like Dashiell Hammett before him, is a graduate (*cum laude*) of Black Mask; and it goes without saying that his first novel is something a good deal more than a who-done-it. If you have any feeling for subtle workmanship, don't give it the go-by.

Contributors

ELMER DAVIS is the author of several volumes of fiction and essays, among them "Morals for Moderns" and "Friends of Mr. Sweeney."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the famous Irish poet and playwright, died January 28, 1939, at the age of seventy-three.

H. N. BRAILSFORD has written many books, including "Rebel India," published in The New Republic Dollar series. He is widely known as a writer on history, economics, and international affairs, and is the London correspondent of The New Republic.

BERNARD SMITH has just finished a history of American criticism, which Harcourt, Brace will publish this fall under the title "Forces in American Criticism."

FRED RODELL is the author of "Fifty-Five Men," a book on the Constitutional Convention of 1787. He recently resigned from Fortune magazine to go back to teaching law at Yale.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE is a professor in the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, where he is doing research into the history of American foreign relations.

SCOTT BUCHANAN is the Dean of St. John's College at Annapolis, Maryland. He is the author of "Poetry and Mathematics" and, most recently, "The Doctrine of Signatures: A Defense of Theory in Medicine," published last fall by Harcourt, Brace.

JAMES BENÉT is a member of The New Republic's editorial staff. He returned last October after eighteen months' service with the International Brigades in Spain.

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